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THE ROYAL BETROTHAL: PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES AND HER SISTER, PRINCESS VICTORIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Since I wrote about Mr. Pinero's third act, I have read "The Benefit of the Doubt" with the deepest admiration. So far from being weak, as some of us supposed, the third act seems to me the most masterly of the three. The depression I had when I saw it played on the first night vanished altogether in the reading. The skill with which it is shown that Theophila can neither return to her husband, nor accept the social countenance of Olive Allingham, is nothing less than consummate. The whole act moves to its inevitable conclusion with more ease and sureness of touch than appear in the development of the powerful scenes in Act II. If it be the highest test of dramatic literature that a play should be profoundly interesting, both to read and to act, then "The Benefit of the Doubt" is a masterpiece.

But I have read somewhere lately that, although an admirable dramatist, Mr. Pinero is not an "ideologist." We critics, as you must have long ago observed, have our funny little ways; and one of them is that we always keep some Ologist or other on the premises. If we find a small boy who has made a beautiful collection of shells, admirably arranged as to size and colour, we shake our heads, and say, "All very fine, my son, but you'll never be a conchologist"; or if we encounter a promising youth who spends half his life in the woods, and is full of the natural charm of the bird-creation, we remark, with deep regret, "Go to! You are no ornithologist"! To be an "ideologist," I understand, is to treat as purely incidental the innate beauty or drama of things, and to construct plays, for example, on the principle that the real tragedy of life is in the revolt of the individual against the social law. Now, had Mr. Pinero dramatised Edith Lanchester instead of Theophila Fraser, he would have had ideology in plenty. A young woman carried off to a lunatic asylum because she wants to enter a union which is recognised neither by the law nor the Church—what a subject for the dramatist! What alarms and excursions with a family doctor signing an order for committal because his patient does not think it wrong to steal apples when you are starving; with papa and three stalwart brothers forcing the lady into a madhouse to save the ancestral 'scutcheon, just as in old times they would have forced her to take the veil; and with John Burns, the knight-errant to the rescue, horribly afraid that the Battersea Social Democrats will steal a march upon him!

But if it comes to that, has not Theophila her ideology, too? She is a rebel against the social law—the unwritten ukase which declares that a woman who receives in the Divorce Court the "benefit of the doubt" is "scratched out of all engagements," as they say at Tattersall's. She doesn't want to be "scratched"—why should she? "Oh yes," says the ideological critic; "that's all right from her point of view; but I fear Mr. Pinero half agrees with her." Admit that the character is "dramatically right," but wag your noddle in disapproval of the dramatist for making it so! And why should Mr. Pinero be condemned by the august Ologist for half agreeing with Theophila? She must be restored to society by the shortest cut; no other course is possible to such a woman in such circumstances. "Quite so," says the Ologist; "but Mr. Pinero ought not to represent society as if it were limited to Theophila's little set." This is the funniest way of all. Take the public opinion which is governed by the judgment of the Divorce Court, and reduce it to the dimensions of a "set," which can be safely disregarded, I suppose, by a *déclassée* who joins another "set." Mr. Parnell acted on the "little set" theory, and we know what happened to him. What are the respective proportions of the "set" which applauds Edith Lanchester's rebellion against marriage and the "set" which thinks she is a foolish, headstrong young person? Poor little Theophila is not a martyr in a cause which demands drums and banners; she is the innocent victim of indiscretion and the furious jealousy of another woman; she does not hail social ruin as if it were a garland. "Oh, is that all?" says the Ologist. "Then why not show us the tragedy of the mismatched husband and wife?" As if that tragedy were not written as plainly in the first act as the Allingham tragedy is written in the second!

Well, there is no ideology in "Trilby" at the Haymarket, no opening for subtle disquisitions on the conflict between law and individuality. It is a frank romance, which must appeal to your sentimental humour, or to nothing. I observe that the Ologist is more discontented than ever. He has not condescended to read Mr. Du Maurier's novel, and he finds the play a thing to mock at. It is another of our funny little ways to criticise the dramatic adaptation of a story without reading the original. Now, Mr. Potter's play relies for its charm much less upon its theatrical expedients, which may not be of the most brilliant kind, than upon the atmosphere of the book. The "Trilby" of

Du Maurier is not a masterpiece of fiction; to what, then, are we to ascribe its enormous popularity? The mystery is partly explained, I think, in a passage in which the author describes the talk of his three Britons, who are not ideologists, in the Paris studio. "Good, honest, innocent, artless prattle—not of the wisest, perhaps, nor redolent of the very highest culture (which, by the way, can mar as well as make), nor leading to any very practical result; but quite pathetically sweet from the sincerity and fervour of its convictions, a profound belief in their importance, and a proud trust in their lifelong immutability." These words may be applied to the book itself; they certainly characterise the exceeding simplicity and youthfulness of temperament which distinguished these sojourners in Bohemia; and, if that is not the greatest charm of Bohemian life, especially in the old Quartier Latin, in what does that charm consist? Some comparisons have been made between "Trilby" and Mürger's "Vie de Bohême," which, I need scarcely say, is much the more artistic work. Mürger drew aspects of Bohemia which were not given to Mr. Du Maurier; but the gay irresponsibility of romance in the Quartier is common to both. What would the ideologists say, I wonder, to the scene in which Mürger's Bohemians, having fared sumptuously, are unable to pay, whereupon an affable stranger begs to be allowed to settle the account in order that he may have the honour of joining so distinguished a company?

Then Trilby O'Ferrall is one of the most delightful creations that ever came from a novelist's pen. I have yawned over many of Mr. Du Maurier's pages, and snorted over many more; but whenever Trilby was on the scene I worshipped at her beautiful feet. Her winsome gaiety, her great, warm, honest heart, her tender attachment to that muff, Little Billee (the author is deplorably unconscious of the difference between a muff and a young man), her wistful affection for his companions, who recalled the best qualities of her easy-going parents, her queer upbringing, the delicious mixture of her English and French slang—all these things make an irresistible personality. Is there no magic in this *grisette*, the model who sits for "the altogether," whose character is awful to the Young Person, and who has, nevertheless, walked triumphantly with her bare feet over the "respectability" of England and America? I forgive Mr. Du Maurier all his sins of commonplace prolixity, superficial moralising, character-drawing from the "flat," incredible melodrama, for the sake of the real humanity in one of the most lovable of women. The malevolent Svengali is not always engaged, I am thankful to remember, in impossible hypnotism. What I may call the Paganini side of him, the inspired musician, the paradox of his diabolical genius for celestial harmony, all this was strong upon me, even when I knew that Mr. Tree was masterfully fingering a dumb key-board, while the music came from below. Paganini, in his lifetime, was believed by the superstitious to be the devil. That romantic tradition is revived for me by Svengali, even in the perilous fantasy of extravagant mesmerism.

Here, then, is the atmosphere of the novel which has laid so powerful a spell on the popular imagination. To criticise the play without appreciating that atmosphere is to do a serious injustice. Somebody described the piece to me as "Somnambula" with Fagin thrown into it. If you analyse all Mr. Potter's devices, you may say several equally amusing things. But I found it impossible to dissociate the play from the novel, and especially from one of the most potent elements of romance. Mr. Du Maurier is above all things fortunate in this: he has idealised the experiences of youth. The real life in the Quartier Latin was, no doubt, very different from this portrayal of it; but who can look back on his days of poverty and struggle without seeing the glamour of youthful fancy rather than squalid cares? Here, moreover, it is the glamour of Paris; and I confess that when this spell is woven, when my own fugitive glimpses of the Quartier in boyhood are made broad and luminous by imagination, when I hear the song—

Messieurs les étudiants
S'en vont à la chaumière
Pour y danser le cancan,

I do not retain the critical nonchalance of the Ologist. This is one personal impression, which explains the pleasure to which the art of Mr. Tree and the charm of Miss Dorothea Baird contributed in no small degree. It was an effect of atmosphere, the effect which was obtained—to compare small things of to-day with great things that are bygone—when familiar characters of Dickens, in their habits as they lived, Pegotty and Captain Cuttle, for instance, figured in plays of no particular moment, but brought with them a flood of pleasant memories and suggestions. Here are some of the reasons, I take it, for the enthusiasm that Mr. Du Maurier has evoked without achieving a master-stroke of literature. To the critics who have not read the story, I commend them with my compassionate esteem.

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NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

In these days, save in bicycle-racing, it is hard to make a record, yet Mr. S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald is entitled to the credit of having written the worst line of verse on record. The stanza must be quoted—

Ah, 'tis sweet to dream of love,
But soon comes disenchantment;
You swear by all the stars above,
And what the moon's late slant meant.

The last of the four may be set with the "And streams meander level with their fount" of Montgomery, which Macaulay held to be the very worst simile in the world. How can that "moon's late slant meant" have passed the challenge of manager, musician, singers, stage-manager, compositor, and reader? It seemed a thousand to one that somebody would strike at it.

One hardly knows what to say of "The Bric-à-Brac Will," since it is wearisome to reiterate condemnation of the ridiculous book, to repeat faint praise of the pretty music of Signor Pizzi, a skilled musician apparently of no great powers of invention. It is, indeed, pleasant to speak of the charming scenery, lovely dresses, and clever stage-management of Mr. Hugh Moss. Yet even as to this I must enter a protest. To-day in the *Daily Telegraph* I found what professed to be excerpts from criticisms on the piece. Under the head of one journal I read, "Last night's production is one of unusual merit." I knew this was a misquotation, and, looking up the original, found that the words, "Indeed, so far as the eye is concerned," should have preceded the word "last," which should not have had a capital "I." It hardly seems worth while to try to bolster up a hopeless entertainment with such disingenuous misquotations.

Really one is sorry that "The Bric-à-Brac Will" should be such sorry stuff, since it is an effort at genuine comic opera, and one is anxious to see another reign of the charming class of work now ousted by the nondescript musical works. Miss Violet Cameron's words lately appearing in *The Sketch* concerning the death of comic opera through dearth of librettists seem to some extent justified, but now that Mr. S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald has shown us low-water mark, there should be hope of improvement.

AMATEUR PANTOMIMES.

The French may claim the honour of having invented the amateur circus; to the English belongs the honour of creating the amateur pantomime. Captain Green's Military Amateur Circus at Aldershot and Brighton had a Service reputation in its day, but this has been eclipsed by the well-appointed, non-professional Parisian circus, organised and paid for by M. Menier fils, the son of the great chocolate-manufacturer.

The first amateur pantomime in London was due to the fertile invention of Mr. Albert Smith, the author and "entertainer," who wished to help his sick friend, Mr. Angus B. Reach, the writer. It was produced at the Olympic Theatre, March 31, 1855, and afterwards repeated at Drury Lane Theatre, by special desire of her Majesty and the Prince Consort. "Joe" Robins, one of Albert Smith's discoveries, was the Clown; Mr. John Bidwell, of the Foreign Office, was the Harlequin; and Mr. Arthur Smith the Pantaloon. The Columbine was a professional lady and graceful dancer, Miss Rosina Wright. The "opening" (subject, "Guy Fawkes") was enlivened by Albert Smith, Thomas Knox Holmes, Mr. Edmund Yates, and others, and Mr. Yates played the "Lover" in the harlequinade.

The second amateur pantomime was produced at the Lyceum, July 15, 1861, and was concocted by Henry J. Byron and John Hollingshead for the benefit of "Joe" Robins, who had become a professional actor. Byron played in the "opening," and Mr. Hollingshead represented Pantaloon, wearing Mr. Arthur Smith's dress. He quite astonished Mrs. Bancroft by running on a cask, like Ethardo on a globe, and throwing up four oranges à la Cinquevalli. Robins was the Clown, Miss Rosina Wright the Columbine, and Mr. Lionel Brough the Harlequin.

The third and last amateur pantomime was produced at the Gaiety Feb. 13, 1878, the subject being "The Forty Thieves," and the authors being Messrs. Reece, Gilbert, Burnand, and Byron. The harlequinade was chiefly sustained by W. S. Gilbert as Harlequin, "Bill" Yardley as Clown, T. Knox Holmes as Pantaloon, Lord de Clifford as the Swell, Mdlle. Rosa as the Columbine, and Colonel (now Sir Henry) Colville as the Policeman. The performance was perfect. Gilbert was the most earnest and conscientious Harlequin ever seen, Lord de Clifford a champion high-kicker, and Colonel "Odger" Colville a flap-and-trap leaper who could have challenged any living pantomimist.

AT EUSTON.

She's coming nearer every moment,
Nearer, yet more near to me,
But, were she here, she still would answer:
"The thing you hope for may not be."

She's coming nearer every moment,
Nearer, nearer still, to me;
And O, I would that life were ended,
Since that I long for may not be.

ROYAL MILITARY SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

A CHAT WITH THE COMMANDANT AND THE DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

"The Royal Military School of Music at Kneller Hall was established in 1857 by the Duke of Cambridge to train performers and bandmasters for the Army." As I read this rather meagre record lately in a directory, it occurred to me that some ampler information about an institution which has done so much for music in the Army during the past eight-and-thirty years would be welcome just now to the readers of *The Sketch*, when the long and distinguished official military career of its founder is about to be formally closed. So I wrote to the Commandant asking him for permission to visit Kneller Hall, and for the further favour of an interview. To both my requests Colonel Glennie returned a ready and agreeable response. The afternoon I arranged to run down there happily turned out a delightful one, and Kneller Hall and the country round is well worth a visit on a sunny day. About half an hour's ride from Waterloo, along the riverside mostly, and below Kew Bridge through orchards looking still surprisingly fresh and green for mid-October, brought me to Hounslow. A short walk along a quiet and almost trafficless country road landed me in the village of Whitton, in which Kneller Hall is situated. An ordinary-looking structure it seems, too, at first sight, for it turns its back to the village; but when you enter the big gates, and pass round to the front through a little grove, and look it full in the face, you must admit it is both graceful and well-proportioned. It looks towards London, and over a fine stretch of picturesquely timbered country. The grounds are nicely laid out, yet not too severely; and there is a peacefulness about the whole place which makes a visitor feel at once what an ideal spot it is for a home of art.

I was admitted at once to the Commandant's presence. Though a soldier, and with a soldier's bearing, Colonel Glennie is also an enthusiastic lover of music, and in his conveniently furnished reception-room he can readily turn from his desk and the signing of official documents to his music and violin, upon which I heard before I left, though not from him, he is no indifferent performer.

"So you want to know something about our work here," he said, as he courteously received me. "Well, as I dare say you know, the Royal Military School of Music was established by the Duke of Cambridge in 1857, and ever since, I may say, his Royal Highness has taken the deepest interest in its welfare. It wasn't the Royal Military School till 1887; the addition to its title was a Jubilee favour extended to us in that year. Forty years ago, in the matter of music in the Army, we were a good deal behind our neighbours on the Continent, whatever we were in other respects. Our bands, such as existed then, were limited in the number of performers and range of instruments, and our bandmasters were nearly all civilians, and mostly foreigners."

"And it was to remedy that state of things your school was founded?"

"Yes, and I believe it was during the Crimean campaign that the need for such an institution was brought home most pointedly to the authorities."

"And how is the institution maintained, Colonel?"

"It is maintained by the State. We get an annual grant of about three thousand pounds, I think. It appears in the yearly Estimates, of course, and it is one of the items very rarely questioned or discussed."

"Even Mr. Labouchere allows we give good value for the money," said the Musical Director, who had just then entered, having been sent for by the Commandant. We were all in unison as to the great value of this testimonial.

"How many pupils have you here usually, Colonel?"

"We are certified to accommodate and train 120 'pupils' and 50 'students,' and we very rarely have less than that number. You would like to understand the distinction, perhaps? Well, a 'pupil' is a member of a regimental band, boy or man, who is sent here by his commanding officer to perfect his knowledge of his particular instrument, and get a more general instruction in music than is possible with his regiment. He remains with us eighteen months; in some cases, where a pupil shows special aptitude for his studies, the period is extended to

two years. The 'student' is an aspirant for the position of bandmaster. He must also be recommended by his commanding officer, have a first-class Army certificate of education, and, in addition, be a non-commissioned officer. His training, which is a more liberal one than is generally believed outside Army circles, occupies from three to four years. Lieutenant Griffiths will just give you an idea of what that training is—it may remove some errors if you can publish it."

Thus invited, the genial Director of Music gave me an interesting outline of the course of studies pursued by the pupils and students. Here it is, though, of course, necessarily much abridged. The least, I think, that can be said for it is that it more than justifies the Commandant's description of it as "liberal." With much experience myself of kindred institutions outside the Army, I must confess I was unprepared for its evident thoroughness. Pupils receive a thorough training on the instrument or instruments their commanding officers wish them to be taught, and an elementary course of "theory." In addition, they are all taught to sing, "whether they have voices or not." When they have attained a certain standard of proficiency on their instruments, they are allowed to practise and play in public with the band of the establishment. In addition to the lessons from the regular professors, the pupils receive at least two hours special individual instruction every week from one of the qualified students, so when they return to their regiments they

are generally very good musicians. Many of them go away with an ambition to return as students, and it says much for the abiding influence of the impression made upon them that the ambition would appear to be very often realised.

The "student's" course of instruction includes a thorough training on all the instruments constituting a military and string band, on at least one of which he must be a skilled performer, to which is added instruction in harmony, counterpoint, musical form, church music, military and orchestral instrumentation, arranging for military band, conducting, and the management and training of bands. Before being admitted to the "qualified form" for the position of bandmaster, the student has to pass a searching examination in all these branches of the art. The examination is conducted by eminent musicians like Sir John Bridge, who are selected by the War Office, and who are entirely unconnected with the Royal Military School of Music. In addition to passing this examination, the student must receive a certificate from the professor of each instrument that he has acquired sufficient knowledge of it to be able to teach it, and a further certificate from the Director of Music that he is capable of teaching and managing a church choir. Even then his equipment is not complete, for while waiting his turn for an appointment as bandmaster, of which there are about twelve annually, he gets a little polishing in elocution and correspondence, and pays several visits to the opera and attends high-class concerts, for which the Government allows the

necessary expenses. During the later portion of his training he gets ample opportunities at the public performances of the band, and on Sunday with the church choir, of learning to conduct. The students in turn wield the bâton on these occasions. "And I think I may tell you," said the Director, concluding, "that our Commandant is a first violin in our church orchestra, and, for once, changes his place of authority with the student-conductor."

"Yes, our band is one of the chief features of the school," resumed Colonel Glennie, when the Director of Music had finished. "It is usually about 150 or 160 strong. It gives an admirable series of concerts on Wednesday afternoons during the summer months, weather permitting. The public are welcomed, of course, on those occasions, and they seem to value the privilege highly. We had no less than two thousand at our final concert this summer."

"And when the weather is unfavourable?"

"Then we have to disappoint the public, I regret to say, for we have no large concert-hall here."

"In that respect we are almost as bad as Hythe would be without its rifle-range," said the Musical Director.

"Not quite so bad as that," rejoined the Commandant, with a smile; "but I dare say even that will come in time. A concert-hall would, I admit, be a great boon." And this I felt later on, when I saw the practice-room, in which about eighty performers can be gathered at once.

"And the Army is the only avenue to the advantages you have to offer here, Colonel?" I said.



COLONEL FARQUHAR GLENNIE,
COMMANDANT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY SCHOOL OF MUSIC.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

"That is so, and I'd like that fact made more widely known, as I am continually getting letters from parents asking me if they can send their boys here. Of course, they cannot. Has our school been successful? Yes, I think it has. Its main purpose, so far, has been realised. Our military bands are more numerous, the bandmen are more efficient, and our bandmasters are thoroughly competent, and we are no longer dependent for the supply from the Continent. And I think we may further claim for the Royal Military School of Music that, through our bands thus improved and conducted, it has had some slight share in bringing about the wider desire we see to-day for music and musical culture among the people."



THE LATE LIEUTENANT S. C. GRIFFITHS,
DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AT KNELLER HALL.

Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

half an hour, subsequently spent in looking through the establishment with the Director of Music, I was made to feel that, while the students live a busy life of study, nothing is left undone to make their residence at Kneller Hall socially agreeable. Ample means

and time for every kind of indoor and outdoor recreation and enjoyment are afforded them. In another respect, too, their lot is a happy one. The boys and students elect their own "kitchen committees," and live at the remarkably small cost of threepence and sevenpence per day respectively. They are housed according to their instruments—clarinets do not live with cornets, nor cornets with trombones, and it's woe betide the big drum if it ventures in by night or day among the triangles or the oboes.

A delightful and admirably arranged institution, reflecting great credit alike upon Commandant, Director, and Adjutant, and the whole professorial staff, not forgetting the two chaplains—Protestant and Roman Catholic—who, of course, contribute their share to the harmonies of the place.

Such was my final impression of Kneller Hall, and I left with a wish that some day the authorities may send us their famous band, to give the people a taste of its quality in the London parks.

Since writing the above, I have learned with sincere regret of the death of Lieutenant S. C. Griffiths, which occurred suddenly on Oct. 31, while he was walking near Kneller Hall.



CAPTAIN F. H. MAHONY,
ADJUTANT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Photo by Jacquette, Dover.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth.

"TRILBY" IN LONDON.

Are we really going to suffer from Trilbymania—will there be Trilby balls and Trilby boots, Trilby "cycling knickers" and Trilby cough-drops, and, in fact, Trilby everything, or one should say, Trilby "altogether"? I begin gladly to think not. The play will run long, the book will sell prodigiously, but it is even doubtful whether Trilby will add to the picturesque vocabulary of the street. We are too old and sophisticated over here to have our heads turned by Mr. Du Maurier's "Sunday at Home" version of the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème." Curiosity to see the play founded on the tremendously beboomed novel will draw everyone to the Haymarket; pleasure in an effective, unclassable piece, and delight in the charming work of Miss Dorothea Baird and powerful acting of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, will catch some of us a second time, but I think we shall preserve our sanity and dignity.

I really believe that I went with an open mind; indeed, by judicious hopping, skipping, and even jumping, I had found no little entertainment in the novel, and was prepared to find "Trilby" thrilling. As sometimes happens, I was disappointed in what I expected, and delighted by what I had not anticipated. I expected something that showed real observation of life in the 'sixties, when, according to Mr. Tree, people were more romantic than now; but a barber, in two minutes' work on Taffy's whiskers, aided by a dressmaker, would render the piece as truthful—and untruthful—of to-day as of the decade that saw the two tremendous wars of this generation's history. On the other hand, I was fascinated by Trilby, who had threatened to be irritating.

Common knowledge teaches that inexperience in players leads to overacting. "You'll play that part beautifully when you stop acting" is an old paradox, and we know that, as a rule, the inexperienced will not "stop acting." Miss Baird, no doubt, had done difficult work successfully in the provinces, and seemed to have arrived at the most acutely irritating stage. Strange to say, she did not overact; on the contrary, I heard people say that she was tame and amateurish. To me, however, she was a source of very great pleasure. Mr. Zangwill somewhere says that players are "only men and women spoilt"; misinterpreting, probably, his phrase, I may say that in the word "spoilt" is a suggestion of the fact that the stage often robs the actor or actress of natural charm. In the case of the young actress the spoiling has not happened, and her natural charm is quite unaffected by the footlights—a fact which really is surprising.

Miss Baird simply identifies herself with the part. She did not seem to seek stage-effect in her "fattest" scenes (the jargon word throws light). She left her beauty of person and charm of voice and manner to do the work, and for once we had what may be called "natural acting"—I almost apologise for using such a bone-of-contention term—and the "natural acting" was delightful. However, I have more to deal with than Miss Baird, though nothing else half so delightful. Svengali is the chief figure of the melodrama, and of him I must talk. In him is the cleverest work of the book and play. No doubt, the exaggeration and the obvious effects of contrast are rather trying. One is rather tired of the scenes in which a scoffer, after a blasphemous utterance, is suddenly scared into disclosing a deep-hidden religious belief or superstition. Nevertheless, there is a little human nature, and also race-colour, in him, that makes him strong against the shadowy creatures of the play. Much, most, of the impression is due to Mr. Tree. The make-up was a masterpiece; the gestures, though in the arms not staccato enough, hinted the Hebrew; while in the suggestion of the malevolent, Mr. Tree got an effect rarely equalled.

I should like to have a medical opinion whether his husky gasp for breath is correct, since the sound rather reminded me of a friend of mine who had his throat cut in a friendly way by a doctor on account of a marble, or of the grunts of a pike when a boatman is persuading it with a sort of "holy-water sprinkler," commonly used by the profession, to lie tranquil in a fishing-basket.

There are those who found Mr. Tree's death too painful, and it may be admitted that had he been able, when he lay on his back on the table, his head upside down, to cause his eye-balls to sink in his head, as happens in some cases with mesmerised people, the image of death would have been too realistic and repulsive. Certainly, he gave throughout the note of *diablerie* which, according to the famous article by Thackeray in the *Westminster Review* on Cruikshank, was one of the most striking features in the work of that brilliant draughtsman. I object to the horror of the portrait in the last act, chiefly because I see no reason why the piece should not end happily, if marriage with such a person as Little Billee means happiness. The arguments that in a play of real life compel one sometimes to accede to a painful conclusion have nothing to do with the Du Maurier-Potter fairy-tale. I am anxious that, while finding little of real value in book or play, I should not seem to hint that "Trilby" is not worth a visit. Far from this being the case, I would gladly go a second time to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Baird and the horror of the Svengali. Moreover, the *cancan* quadrille—the *chahut* was not the term in those days—is very lively, if unlike my recollection of such affairs in the Quartier where *la vache enragée* is supposed to be the staple dish of *messieurs les étudiants*. Miss Filippi and Mr. Hallard seemed to me the best of the rank-and-file: the others were excellently made up, and had very little to do. If I had to distinguish, it would be by commending specially Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Edmund Maurice; the former made a noble sacrifice of customary mode of humour. There was something ingenious in the work of Mr. Holman Clark as the American manager, and Mr. Herbert Ross was funny as Zouzou—it is a pity that the part is so poorly drawn.

MONOCLE.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen passed a couple of days this week at the cottage in the Glassalt Shiel, going there in the morning and returning in the evening, but she has not slept at the Shiel this autumn. For many years it was her Majesty's custom to go to this cottage, or the chalet in the Ballochbuie Forest, for a few days during the lull in "affairs" which takes place between the departure of one Minister and the arrival of his successor. This year, however, the Queen has contented herself with "day rests" only. The weather on Deeside has been very cold and stormy of late, and the unfortunate ladies and gentlemen in attendance must wish these long driving excursions—somewhere.

Her Majesty has been very successful at local agricultural shows during the past summer with her polled cattle, reared at the Home Farm at Abergeldie Mains, and she now possesses probably the finest herd of "polls" in the country, and her commissioner, Dr. Profeit, has *carte blanche* to add to the stock whenever a favourable opportunity offers.

There is no truth in the persistently circulated reports that the Queen has quite decided to visit the neighbourhood of Genoa this year, and that "an agent" has been inspecting villas in the suburbs of that city on behalf of her Majesty. The Queen has not yet settled her plans for the annual Continental trip, but it is extremely probable that she will again visit Nice for a time, and then go on to either Wiesbaden or to Aix-les-Bains for a course of the waters and baths. If one could believe all the statements which have appeared in the papers on this subject, the Queen's "agents" have been at several places on the Riviera already; but it is certain that these circumstantial tales are purely fictitious.

The State Apartments at Windsor Castle, which are to be closed after this week, will be reopened to the public on Boxing Day, if the Queen carries out her present intention of going to Osborne on Dec. 20.

Several of the rooms at Windsor Castle have been redecorated during the absence of the Court at Balmoral, and her Majesty's own private apartments have also been generally "refurbished." No alterations are ever made in the private apartments excepting at the express command of the Queen, and then, even down to the smallest detail, the proposed improvements have to be submitted for her Majesty's personal approval before the work can be carried out.

The Sketch adds its congratulations to Princess Maud of Wales on her betrothal to her cousin Prince Charles of Denmark. Her face is specially familiar to Londoners, for she has lived an active social life in our midst. In return for the gift this country received many years ago from Denmark, Great Britain will send to Denmark a Princess almost as popular as the Princess of Wales. Prince Charles is a pleasant young sailor who is very much liked by all his relatives in Denmark and this country.

Prince Henry of Battenberg intends to pay a visit to Sir Reginald and Lady Gordon-Catheart at Cluny Castle, in North Aberdeenshire, next week. The Cluny estate affords some of the best low-ground shooting in the North of Scotland. This property, which extends to nearly twenty-one thousand acres, was left to Lady Gordon-Catheart by her first husband, the late Mr. John Gordon of Cluny, who also bequeathed to her a property of about eighty-five thousand acres in Inverness-shire.

The admirers of that sweet singer, John Keats, have not allowed his centenary to pass unnoticed, and many were the visitors to the Chelsea Central Library on the poet's birthday, for here are many mementoes of his saddened life. It is interesting to recall that, in that now somewhat scarce little book, "The Love-Letters of John Keats to Fanny Braune," published some seventeen years ago, there is an admirable likeness of the poet. It was etched by the late Mr. W. B. Scott, from a drawing by Keats' friend, Severn, to which were attached the following words:—"28th Jan., 3 o'clock morning. Drawn to keep me awake. A deadly sweat was on him all this night." This drawing, made by the poet's

faithful friend as he sat watching by his death-bed, was pronounced by the late Charles Cowden Clarke, Keats' old schoolfellow, "a marvellously correct likeness."

What the papers call "The Strange Nullity Suit" touches on a difficult question of law and civil polity. To declare null a marriage on the lady's allegation that she thought the ceremony in church was only a betrothal, seems bold; yet one is glad to see that Mr. Justice Barnes was able to aid Ella Louisa Clarke, otherwise Ford, otherwise Steer, and set her free. The two similar cases within the recollection of this generation are *Scott v. Sebright* and *Cooper v. Crane*. In the former, Miss Scott had her marriage with Arthur Sebright nullified on the ground of duress, he having made abominable threats of ruining her character, and even shooting her, unless she consented. Miss Crane was less lucky than Miss Scott or Miss Clarke, for, though there was medical evidence that she was of a "weak, impressionable character," and the respondent had threatened to shoot himself if she refused, Mr. Justice Collins very reluctantly refused to release her.

It is noteworthy that in *Scott v. Sebright* the late Mr. Justice Butt declared that "the validity of a contract of marriage must be tested and determined in precisely the same manner as that of any other contract." Yet it is law that if a woman falsely pretends that she is a spinster but really is a widow with a dozen children, if she calls herself rich and is poor, if she professes to be respectable but is the vilest of the vile, or if a man poses as a marquis but is really a billiard-marker, such fraud or any similar fraud will not vitiate the marriage ceremony. The old novelists, in the days when a husband was liable without limit for his wife's ante-nuptial debts, used to do poetic justice upon fortune-hunters by marrying them to heavily indebted adventuresses who posed as women of wealth, and thus causing them to rot in jail for the wife's debts. It seems doubtful whether our law in this respect is not too kindly to fraud, and there have been some fearfully hard cases in consequence of the law.



PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

Those interested in old engravings should not miss the sale of a large collection which will take place at Messrs. Sotheby's on Monday, the 11th inst. The collection, which numbers some three hundred lots, is particularly rich in portraits, and among these are various theatrical, literary, and artistic celebrities, which should be in request. Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Coleridge, Bulwer Lytton, Tennyson, Goldsmith, are literary folks whose presentments are undoubtedly of interest to most of us, while of the greater lights of the stage there are engravings of Macready, of Mrs. Siddons, Madame Rachel, Elliston, and Charles Bannister, not to mention Peg Woffington as Phœbe, and Miss Farnen and Mr. King as the immortal Lady Teazle and her elderly Sir Peter. Then there are Madame Vestris, and Liston in "Paul Pry," Buckstone in the "Wreck Ashore," the well-known "David Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy" after Sir Joshua, Edmund Kean in various characters, John Philip Kemble as Hamlet, Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), Charles Kean, Charles Mathews, the immortal songstress Jenny Lind, and others of almost equal fame. Actors and others with a love of art, a fine taste, and a long pocket (for, it need scarcely be said, good engravings are a costly luxury), will have a rare chance here to increase their collections.

It is ten years since the Lovat case, which attracted much attention both in England and Scotland, was concluded by an adverse report of the House of Lords. Mr. John Fraser, of Carnarvon, who claims to be entitled to the peerage and the vast Lovat estates, with a rent-roll of £40,000 a year, is now in possession of additional evidence which is deemed by his legal advisers to be of the most important character, and a petition is about to be presented to the Queen with a view of obtaining a rehearing of the claim in the House of Lords, and, from the sensational evidence which it is rumoured will be adduced, the case bids fair to be the *cause célèbre* of the coming year. Mr. B. T. Storr, of Stratford, has been appointed solicitor for the claimant, and Mr. D. Warde, of the Temple, has been specially retained as the junior counsel.

I am pretty well acquainted with the rigour of the Scotch "Sawbath," but I confess I was hardly prepared for the extremeness illustrated by the following letter which is said to have been addressed to an Edinburgh firm of upholsterers—

DEAR SIRs,—As secretaries of the Sabbath Observance Association, we regret to observe in your interesting price list received this morning that you have included an extract from a letter received from Trinity, dated June 23, 1895. This day fell upon a Sunday, and we, as secretaries, trust that, in the interest of the Scotch Sabbath, you will refrain from circulating any more of the price lists, as we are certain that they are likely to have most pernicious influence on the preservation of what we are sure you, as a firm, must have at heart, the Scottish Sabbath.—We are, yours faithfully,

LISLE AND DRUMMOND.

A Scotch friend of mine declares this to be a hoax. It may be, but it illustrates the dominant note of "you must not" which marks the Scotch Sunday. Of course, there is another side to the picture, for now and again a Sabbath such as Messrs. Lisle and Drummond demand would be welcomed by many people, who would never dream of adopting it continuously. They might argue thus—

When London's roar
Begins to bore
The weary, worried brain,
When hopes of peace
And some release
Are entertained in vain,
One longs to be the man who takes
His "Sawbath" in the Land of Cakes.

The streets are still,
The air seems chill,
And folk look sweetly sad;
There's naught to drink—
You come to think
"Is anybody bad?"
'Tis this and such as this that makes
The "Sawbath" in the Land of Cakes.

Most go to Kirk,
And those who shirk
The parson stay at home;
You must not laugh,
Nor talk in chaff,
Nor through the country roam;
For, Rip-van-Winkle-like one wakes
On "Sawbath" in the Land of Cakes.

A day of dreams,
For action seems
One lengthened negative—
You can't do this,
While that's amiss;
In fact, you must not live;
For earthly vanity forsakes
The "Sawbath" in the Land of Cakes.

I believe that Mr. Comyns Carr was formerly literary adviser to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and only left him when embarking for himself upon the stormy seas of management. After his retirement Mr. Harrison reigned supreme in the managerial department of the Haymarket, and he has now given place to Mr. Gardiner, who is connected with my fair contemporary *Woman*, and is, if I may judge by a chance meeting, a very live man indeed. Probably it is left entirely to those intimately connected with the theatre to understand the worries of management. I have always been astonished to find actor-managers able to act. The stress and strain of their dual position is surely enough to upset the finest set of nerves that this enfeebled decade possesses. Imagine for a moment how the actor-manager must feel on the second night of a production, when, after months of arduous and careful work, the Press has been unanimous in its condemnation, and gaps in the house begin to foreshadow the inevitable. The feelings of the actor-manager must make him wish to go for a day's shooting among dramatic critics, but he must smother the sentiment and act as if it did not matter. With regard to the Haymarket, the appointment of a newspaper man to a theatrical place has caused some animated discussion in theatrical circles. The general opinion is, however, that a Gardiner is admirably fitted to look after a Tree.

Mr. George Alexander, as most people know, began life in a City business house, and it is interesting to observe that he still to some extent keeps up his connection with the City. One of the distinctions to be obtained at the Guildhall School of Music is the Alexander Prize, which is given by Mr. George Alexander as the reward of the student who shows most promise in elocution.

One of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "finds," Miss Nancy McIntosh, has been making her debut in her native America with Mr. George Edwardes's "His Excellency" company. Mr. Gilbert, of course, discovered Miss Julia Neilson also, theatrically speaking. Miss McIntosh, who is a Pittsburgh girl, is sister of Mr. Burr McIntosh, who has been playing the part of Taffy in Mr. A. M. Palmer's "Tribly" company.

Two of the performers, at any rate, in the revival, at the Princess's, of "A Dark Secret" will have played their parts many times before. I refer to Miss Amy Steinberg (Mrs. John Douglass), who will appear as the wicked governess, Madame La Fontaine; and to her daughter, Miss Ida Millais, who will represent the shamefully ill-used Nellie Norton. Recently Miss Millais has been leaping into real water all over the country in another of her father's sensational dramas, "No Man's Land."

You find some funny cases of "mix-ups" in the American papers. Here are two, taken at random. No. 1 is: "Osmond Carr will write the music for Jerome's play 'Gentleman Joe,' in which Arthur Roberts

will (*sic*) appear at the Prince of Wales's." The second has reference to a performance of that clever play, "Gudgeons," which should have run longer than it actually did at Terry's Theatre. "Gudgeons" is described as "the work of two young newspaper men of that city (London), Messrs. Parker and Thornton." I should imagine that neither Mr. Louis N. Parker, musician and dramatist, nor Mr. Murray Carson, otherwise Thornton Clark, actor and playwright, would be satisfied with the designation "newspaper man."

It is stated that the clever young Italian composer, Paccini, whose opera, "Manon," should have fared better than was the case the summer before last at Covent Garden, is writing another work on the subject of "La Tosca." Surely Madame Calvé would play splendidly the part created by Sarah Bernhardt and afterwards filled so well by Mrs. Bernard Beere.

Among some of the members of the Royal Albert Hall Choir there is current a smart saying with regard to the feelings felt for his choristers by Sir Joseph Barnby. It might be cast in epigrammatic form as follows: "Sir Joseph adores the basses, loves the contraltos, likes the tenors, and tolerates the sopranos." This scale of preferences relates, of course, merely to the qualities as choristers possessed by the four different sections.

Concerts are getting so numerous that the musical critics will soon have their hands overfull. It is not possible, alas! to deal with all those who make their bid for fame. Among the performers new to London amateurs, it seems well to speak of Signor Rosario Scalero and Herr Alfred Reisenauer. The latter certainly is the most noteworthy, for he challenges criticism as a fully developed pianist. It would be difficult upon one hearing to offer a definite opinion as to his rank; but it is clear that he has extraordinary technique and a large range in taste. His performance of Weber's "Perpetuum Mobile" was most remarkable, and in the "Carnival" he was interesting even to those who know the work backwards. Certainly Herr Reisenauer threatens to be one of the lions of the season. The Italian violinist, Signor Scalero, at present has not such claims to attention as a Reisenauer, yet he played Joachim's Nocturne charmingly, and showed excellent style in Vitali's "Chaconne" and Bach's unaccompanied Adagio. It is not unlikely that he will develop into a performer of great value.

Have you heard the beautiful orchestration, which plays no less than nineteen tunes, with all the brilliant effect of a full orchestra? It is on view (or on sound, shall I say?) at Hewetson's, in Tottenham Court Road. For wet days in a country house, a magnificent instrument like this would be invaluable. I almost feel inclined to take it on tour myself; it would be better than many a concert-party, for it would not lose its temper or catch a cold.

It may surprise many of us to learn that there are as many as twenty baseball clubs in and near London, while the provincial clubs number between sixty and seventy. The game was introduced into this country by Mr. R. G. Knowles, of Tivoli renown. To the advancement of the game's popularity Mr. Knowles has devoted all his energies, ably seconded by Mr. Marco, Mr. Charles Dewar, and others; while Sir Joseph Renals has given the patronage of his position by opening the club-ground at Balham last May, and by allowing his name to adorn the roll of officers as the Hon. President. Last Tuesday some delegates of the club waited on the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and presented him with a unique testimonial, consisting of an inscribed scroll of silver, mounted on a velvet plaque. The offering was as artistic as its material was most appropriate, for in Sir Joseph Renals one is always reminded that "speech is silver." Notwithstanding, R. G. Knowles scored a decided "tie," which reminds me that he has patented a shirt. The Baseball Association is full of vitality: it has not only a reserve fund, but it has this season benefited some public charities to the tune of one hundred pounds. *Floreat!*

Miss Clarice Terry, who recently won in New York a thousand-dollar prize as being "the handsomest woman in America" (these superlatives are sometimes misleading), is now appearing in a series of living pictures in the transatlantic music-halls. Her manager proudly styles Miss Clarice Terry "the modern Venus."

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the *Bristol Mercury* published the pioneer Ladies' Column, and I notice it has now made another equally unique departure by publishing a Local Ladies' Letter. It has begun a series of articles, entitled "Feminine Fancies, by a Bristol Lady," in which fashionable novelties are described as they are to be seen in the various excellent shops of Bristol and Clifton, and other matters affecting the interests of women are to be touched upon from a local standpoint. I must compliment our contemporary on the novelty of the idea, and the way in which it has been treated.

In connection with our recent paragraph regarding the Covent Garden pantomime of "Ali Baba," "A. G. P." writes—

I twice saw this show, and on each occasion Rachel Sanger was the Hassarac. I have a book of the words showing this was her original rôle. On one of the two occasions, I remember a large screw-driver falling from the flies, and narrowly missing W. H. Payne's head—it fell on its point, sticking into the stage—in the wood-cutting scene. How is it that, in the notices of Harry Payne's work, no mention has been made of his Preposterous, the heavy villain in W. S. Gilbert's "Thespis; or, The Gods Grown Old," produced at the Gaiety in December 1891? It was a small speaking part, with much pantomime action with Stupidas (Fred Payne), and very drolly rendered.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S BIRTHDAY: A REMINISCENCE.

Mr. Hall Caine has been greatly interesting our American and Canadian cousins, although they are somewhat mystified by his remarks on the vexed copyright question. He has been a literary ambassador, but, unfortunately, there is no possibility of his possessing the authority which ought to belong to an embassy. However, Mr. Caine has provided plenty of matter for the newspapers, which, in the United States, as at home, have lately been decidedly lacking in startling news. In the absence of such selling intelligence, the Americans have been regaled with minute descriptions of Mr. Hall Caine's hair, hands, stockings, and boots. The interviewer has, as regards the last portion of the novelist's habiliments, treated the subject "down to the ground."



MR. HALL CAINE.

No better man could have been chosen to write the life of Professor Huxley than his eldest son, Leonard Huxley. Ever since his school-days, when he was concerned in the production of the school magazine, Leonard Huxley has had literary tastes that have found expression in part in the doing of reviews for the *Manchester Guardian*, with which paper his relative, Mr. Thomas Arnold, is intimately connected. Mr. Huxley, who is one of the Masters at Charterhouse School, has, of course, mixed in cultured society from his youth upwards, as befits one of his distinguished parentage. He is a brown-haired, blue-eyed, amiable, and accomplished gentleman.

My recent note about hats reminds me of two funny hat stories which may not be "chestnuts," and are absolutely true. There is a clever journalist in London to-day whose father was a clever journalist before him, and leader-writer to a daily paper of some importance. He got his hats from a well-known firm, and ran up a considerable account. One day, when he went for a new one, one of the partners told him his bill was very large, and required settling. The journalist promised to give the matter his attention. "I have an idea," said the man of hats, reflectively; "if you could work in a reference to our firm by name in a leader, I should be happy to send you your bill, receipted." Now, just as the serpent tempted Eve, so that wily hatter tempted the leader-writer, so that he fell, or rather, promised to fall. He went home, and, within a fortnight, the wished-for opportunity arrived. A Cabinet Minister, who had been a great dandy, paid the debt of Nature, amid the lamentations of the public. The journalist was told to spread himself over an eulogistic column for the issue of the following day. And, when the writer received his orders from the editorial office, he was very delighted, for his was a nature prone to eulogy, and he saw the monstrous hat-bill vanishing into thin air. He resolved that, for once, a leader should be worth to him as much as he deserved.

On the following morning, before even reading the paper, the journalist strolled towards the hat-shop, thinking of the thanks he was about to receive. On reaching the emporium, he was, to his utter astonishment, the recipient of a dignified rebuke. "I really don't think," said the predominant partner, "that our endeavours to give you satisfaction merit such treatment as you have given us in to-day's paper." "What do you mean?" cried the astounded ink-slinger. "Perhaps you know your own writing," said the outraged shopkeeper, handing him the eulogistic leader cut from the rest of the newspaper. The journalist read word for word what he had written—his reference to the deceased statesman as a dandy, how he might be recognised in the Park in coat cut in the latest style, varnished boots, and a hat by Asterisk, his own hat-maker's hated rival. He was staggered, and spent a long time explaining that he had written

another name. Then he went to the newspaper, trembling with impotent rage and a desire to bring somebody's career to a sudden termination. By dint of apparent careless inquiry, he soon discovered that the sub-editor dealt with the rival hatter, and was likewise owing the amount of a heavy bill. Seeing the remark in his colleague's leader as he revised the proof, he thought it was designed by Providence to help him; so he immediately deleted the name of Mr. Blank and substituted that of Mr. Asterisk, whose gratitude was, doubtless, well worth having.

The other hat yarn that occurred to me is one in which a well-known bishop and a lately deceased marquis played leading parts. The marquis, who married a Gaiety chorus-girl, and, generally speaking, lived up to the high standard of his marriage life, was accustomed to wear a particular style of hat, shorter than that favoured by most men. One day he went into his hat-maker's in Piccadilly and asked for a new one to be made. The shopwalker took the hat, and walked down to the far end of the shop to give the requisite instructions, leaving the hatless marquis standing in the shop. At this moment there entered the short-sighted Bishop of X., also in want of new headgear. He looked behind the counter; there was nobody there. He only saw a small man, who might have passed for a shopkeeper, standing staring at him. So he took his peculiar hat off his head and went up to him. "Do you think, my good man," he said persuasively, "that you have a hat like that?" The marquis looked at him for a moment speechless with indignation, while the shopkeeper, seeing what was amiss, hurried up as fast as he could. Unfortunately, the marquis found his voice before the hat-man reached his client. "No," he said, giving the bishop back his headgear; "I haven't got a hat like that, and if I had, I'm d—d if I'd wear it." The bishop doesn't go to the same shop now.

Recently Khama and Sebele, the Bechuana chiefs, who were the guests at Ipswich of Mr. Josiah Rands, paid a visit to the Orwell Works, where steam-engines of all kinds, thrashing-machines, ploughs, and field implements are manufactured in large numbers, giving employment to some fourteen hundred hands. The intense interest which the sable visitors showed in the various operations in the forming and moulding of steel and iron, and the cutting and shaping of wood for their various uses, was noted by everyone in their progress through the works. The huge steam-hammers, hydraulic stamping- and flanging-presses, rivetting-machines, furnaces, and travelling-cranes received their close and very intelligent attention. What, however, the chiefs were most interested in was the ploughing, which was shown on a farm a short distance from the works. Here, under the guidance of Mr. J. E. Ransome, they inspected several varieties of ploughs specially adapted for South Africa, and Khama was photographed holding the handles of one of the ploughs, with which he ploughed a furrow, guiding the implement with his own royal hands.

The other chief, Sebele, is seen looking on; he also was much delighted with a double-furrow plough, which can be raised in an instant out of work in a very simple manner. Sebele remarked that this was the plough for him, as, when coming against any obstacle, it could be so readily lifted, thus preventing any damage to the implement. Upwards of a dozen varieties of ploughs were exhibited on the field, and it was explained to the chiefs that these were only selected from many hundred different kinds of ploughs which are manufactured by Messrs. Ransome to suit the requirements of all countries in the world.



THE BECHUANA CHIEFS, KHAMA AND SEBELE, INSPECTING PLOUGHS AT MESSRS. RANSOME'S, IPSWICH.

There was a young "bull" with a hump
Greatly swollen by the late City "slump";
"Had I but been a 'bear'
Of each African share,"
Sighed he, "I should not care a dump,"

was the nursery-rhyme that occurred to me on reading of the recent, and now partially recovered, downfall in the Mining market. Small buyers are often a source of much grumbling among brokers; but, after all, it is the innumerable small buyers, all yearning to "make a bit," who affect the buoyancy of such a market as the Kaffir; and these are the folks whose nerves will rarely stand a "slump" such as that the City has so lately experienced. They may be "bulls" in name, but they are but stags by nature, and out they rush in shoals, leaving the field to the more wily and hardened adventurers. The great Barnato, has, however, stood boldly in the breach with courage and capital; and a little bird who sometimes flies Cityward has whispered to me that he had it from the millionaire's own lips that those who bought "Barnatos" a few days since will see their bread returned to them before so many days, and "battered, too, for sartin," as the late Mr. Lowell expressed it in one of his inimitable staves.

I can strongly recommend any Londoner who is fond of walking exercise to take a tramp over the commons down into Surrey on one of these cold, bright mornings of our early winter. I have known days in late October or early November when I have found myself uncomfortably hot when taking such a walk as I have referred to, while all about me blazed the glories of such autumn tints as "St. Luke's little summer" usually produces. But St. Luke has had no summer, little or long, this year, and when, the other morning, I started away across the slope of Streatham Common, the grass was covered with a thick white frost that seemed more suited to December or January than to October. All the way along, over Tooting Bec—perhaps the prettiest of London commons—away to Mitcham, with its much-disputed golf and its delightful trout-stream, which affords the best sport to the fly-fisherman near the Metropolis, through the wooded lanes to Carshalton, all the way there were leaves on the trees, and leaves in places strewn thickly on the ground, but, strange to relate, there were no genuine autumn tints among them.

The summer of September, followed in a few days by the winter of October, has produced a result I never remember to have noticed before as regards our foliage, which seems to fall not in all its glory of brown and gold, but green and full of sap, as though cut off in its prime, rather than in the autumn of its days. There are few prettier walks near London than that to Banstead Downs by the route I have indicated, and any of my readers who try the same will not, I am sure, regret the experiment.

There was "the joy of the unexpected" about Mr. J. A. Muir's recital in Prince's Hall on Oct. 29. The first three items on the programme were commonplace, but when Mr. Muir whistled "Hungarian Czardas," everyone was aroused to an enthusiasm which was only satisfied with an encore. After an excellent rendering of Overton's "One More," came the cleverest dumb show I have ever seen. Mr. Muir imitated the various incidents of a circus performance with remarkable skill, while the audience laughed with unbounded glee. The "trick rider"

was simply an extraordinary piece of impersonation, laughable and lifelike. The way in which Mr. Muir made us as interested in the antics of his chair as though it were a horse was a triumph of skill. His song, "When Father Carves the Duck," was only surpassed by a negro melody sung later in the evening. Miss Muir was the pianist. The only other comment I have to make, while congratulating Mr. Muir on a genuine success, is that some of his "patter" needs a little revision on the score of good taste.

I learn from the "Sorrows of Satan" that Miss Corelli is much offended by *The Sketch*. She pays us the compliments of some abusive epithets, of which "draggled-tailed" is the most refined and original. The general style of the book may be judged from the description of Satan, whose voice has the "silvery clang of veiled satire." The art of veiling with a clang is unknown to us. Miss Corelli's heroine makes a point of dragging the name of the Prince of Wales into conversation. The Prince, it seems, is an authority on literature. No doubt Miss Corelli discovered this surprising fact during the few minutes' talk she had with the Prince at Homburg.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones wishes to be purely Arthurian. He has emerged from Jones like the butterfly from the chrysalis. Henceforward he is Henry Arthur by letters patent. But what will the Joneses say? The poor things have lost one of the most illustrious champions of their name. Perhaps his example will spread, and we shall have the air thick with the dropping of Jones.

The New York papers criticise with pleasant freedom a new comic operetta, called "Leonardo," produced at the Garrick Theatre in that city. The music is the work of Mr. T. Pearsall Thorne, and the libretto is by Mr. Gilbert Burgess, well known in London as the author of some charming short stories, and the editor of "The Love Letters of Mr. H. and Miss R."

Upon a little unnoticed court in the Strand has been concentrated a great interest lately. Just opposite Somerset House a gas explosion occurred about seven o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 29, and in a short

time serious damage to property and injury to life had been wrought by the fire which broke out. One gallant fireman, Sprague, survived only a few hours, and some of the inhabitants of the court are lingering 'twixt life and death. The illustration given will show the devastation in New Church Court, the scene of the catastrophe. The ruins are a sad spectacle.

With regard to a recent allusion to Mr. Edwin Wareham as "the creator of the principal rôle in Tchaikowsky's opera 'Eugene Onegin,'" I did Mr. Iver McKay an unintentional injustice. It was the latter gentleman, so well known as a popular tenor, who created the rôle and sang on the opening night. Mr. McKay was, however, stricken down with diphtheria, and his place was subsequently filled by Mr. Wareham, hence our mistake.

Messrs. Rudall Carte and Co. have just published a pocket-book adapted to the especial needs of professors of music and others whose engagements are from hour to hour. It contains a diary providing spaces for the entry, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., of the necessary memoranda of a professional man. A capital idea is the division of the year's diary into three separate booklets, one only of which is in use at a time.



THE EFFECT OF THE GAS EXPLOSION IN THE STRAND.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Our dear French friends have reached Antananarivo—as certain of their own poets have said, “*Nous sommes Tananarivés*”; and, having got Madagascar, they have become somewhat doubtful of the value of their prize, and somewhat keenly conscious of the waste of some four millions sterling, and some four thousand lives lost or spoiled by fever. And therefore it was, perhaps, wise for the French Ministry to go out on a side issue. The Gaul grudges dying for his country little enough, even when otherwise degenerate; but he wishes to fight for her first, and to die without fighting is less to his taste than to that of the Asiatic, or even his own ally, the much-enduring Russian. And it is fittest to try the patience of Piou-piou when he sails thousands of miles, only to be set to cut a road through pestilential jungles towards an enemy that vanishes at the flash of his bayonet.

And, in fact, the Hovas have made matters smooth for their conquerors in a way too often denied to the grasping John Bull. Short of making roads and scattering disinfectants themselves, one sees little that they have left undone to forward their own subjugation. They promptly got rid of all advisers who knew anything of civilised warfare; they magnanimously declined to harass an outpost, and built earthworks only to scuttle out of them. Their Queen imitated the mythical Cambronne in saying that she would die, but not surrender, and then copied the real Cambronne in surrendering and not dying. Now, at last, the Frenchman is dominant in the very citadel of the big island that perfidious Albion coveted (as he fondly imagines); and in a short time it will begin to dawn on his patriotic mind that John Bull may have had sufficiently good reasons for *not* taking Madagascar during more than one period when he might have secured it for the asking, or little more.

But though the story of Piou-piou in Imerina need disquiet few but his relations and his sweetheart, it is otherwise with his good ally. The revelations of the *Times* may be mere *canards*; but they sound probable, and if Russia has acquired the right to send her railway into Port Arthur on one side and her ships on the other, it behoves us to look to our priming. Not that we should go to war. Oh dear, no! But since China is in a yielding mood, we might also plead for harbourage in Port Arthur, and even obtain leave to set up a torpedo-station there. Doubtless China would grant the privilege if properly entreated. British gunboats have not lost all their persuasive power on the Celestial mind.

The annual battle of the licences has come and gone, and not the most hardened Progressive can feel particularly satisfied with the result. Once more, and even more conspicuously than before, elementary notions of justice have been thrown to the winds. The County Council has blessed its enemy and cursed its friend; it has restored the old privileges to the contumacious Empire, and denied similar concessions to the submissive and blameless Palace. And this preposterous decision has been come to by a blunder, a misunderstanding of the results of a scratch division, which itself was turned by the casting vote of an official and unrepresentative chairman.

The vote of that chairman should not be forgotten for its triumphant perversity. It was given to keep to the “principle” followed last year. But, as no one principle *was* followed then or at any time, the zeal of Sir Arthur Arnold seems a trifle unnecessary. Perhaps, however, he was merely anxious to win a name for himself as a dauntless and impartial magistrate. Dogberry had a somewhat similar ambition, and gratified it in much the same way.

MARMITON.

AN ACADEMIC HISTORY.*

It says much for the enduring influence of a University when one of her alumni, a busy man of letters in London, is moved to ease the pains of daily literary labour by—more literary labour, undertaken out of pure love for his Alma Mater. That he should keep the academic spirit so fresh amid the din of the great Babel tempts one to inquire what magic there is about that

... old University Town
Between the Don and the Dee,
Looking out on the grey sand-dunes,
Looking out on the cold North Sea,

that can keep her distant sons so faithful to her. One usually imagines the University historian writing under the shadow of chapels and colleges. Anthony Wood, when he wrote of Oxford, laboured in the classic seclusion of Merton Lane, so one is not surprised that he struck the right note. True, he had foes to contend with (there is no need to particularise), but he had not to encounter the troubles that affect

the just journalist, who, of all men, may be most readily excused from finding his recreation in writing. But the spell of his old University is strong on Mr. J. M. Bulloch, and he has rendered an act of loyalty to his Alma Mater, whose story he has written, “*apropos*,” as the preface says, “of the four hundredth anniversary of the foundation.”

The University of Aberdeen, the historian tells us, was not a growth in the common acceptance of the term. It was an avowed imitation of typical mediæval Universities, more particularly those of Paris, Bologna, and Orleans. It sprang into life under the hands of Bishop Elphinstone, the founder, as a complex structure “more suited to the requirements of a highly civilised people than of a country where even elementary education was at a low ebb.” How low that ebb was, but how able a man had arisen to guide the new educational scheme, is amply shown in



MR. J. M. BULLOCH.
Photo by Hana, Strand.

the opening chapters. William Elphinstone “was more a lawyer, a politician, a diplomatist, an educationist, than a Churchman.” Foreign travel had given him a wide horizon; more important still for Aberdeen, it had equipped him with full knowledge of the European University system.

Mr. Bulloch divides his history into two leading periods—the University under the Church and the University under the Crown. The former period obviously falls into two subdivisions, the Roman Catholic and the Protestant, the latter into three epochs, marked by successive Royal Commissions. Through a story almost bewildering in its vicissitudes, the author guides his reader with a steady hand and good knowledge of the way he has to traverse. The road, thanks to Mr. Bulloch, is now plain and smooth. When the historian first set about clearing the track, he must have found it rough and cumbersome. When he makes old documents speak for themselves, he has a happy knack of selecting the quaint, the humorous, the caustic, and he contrives very often to make the ancient reflect smilingly on the modern. The picture of the Senators enjoying “wyne and tobacco and pyps” has a pleasant application, all the pleasanter, perhaps, to “those who know.” The side-lights, too, upon older undergraduate life afford excellent “comic relief,” if one may use the phrase, in a serious history. All through his work one can see how Mr. Bulloch’s sympathies lie. He is full of veneration for and delight in the past, but he is ever on the side of progress. Reforms he chronicles with hearty satisfaction, but one can see that implicitly he still “asks for more.” He is very hopeful of his Alma Mater, which “bears the burden of four centuries . . . but is not decrepit.” Perhaps his hopefulness springs, in great measure, from a belief in the undergraduate democracy, whose rise to power and to realisation of itself owes much to Mr. Bulloch’s work in the past. Aberdeen men, whatever their walk in life—Churchmen, educationists, physicians, men of letters, or men of affairs—will find this book engrossing, and each will discover in it some point of special interest to himself. Such special chapters are the “Beginnings of the Medical School,” “The Era of Episcopalian Culture” (“the Augustan Age”), “The First Teachers and Curriculum,” and the accounts of party warfare and reform. The work will have a world-wide circulation, for the Aberdeen graduate is ubiquitous. It is whispered, indeed, that, on her next voyage, the *Windward* must take out a copy of Mr. Bulloch’s book, for the Scotchman who sits astride the North Pole writes after his name “M.A. Aberdeen.”

* “A History of the University of Aberdeen.” By John Malcolm Bulloch, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton.



MISS HELEN C. KINNAIRD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

"POOR MR. POTTON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Between the hours of nine and eleven every evening, and from three to five on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, that unhappy individual, "Poor Mr. Potton," has before him the immediate and appalling prospect of becoming matrimonially allied to a certain widow who has a nest of exceedingly lively chicks, as she is pleased to still call her grown-up family. For both the mother and her chicks "Poor Mr. Potton" has suddenly learned to entertain a wholesome and terrible dread. This

appears so naturally perplexed by the overwhelming difficulty of his position that, at times, even when you are laughing your heartiest, you are almost tempted to feel sorry for him in his terrible dilemma. But along with all this excellent opportunity for fooling, the farce has another interest, inasmuch as it contains two distinct pictures, showing the life and manners of fifty years ago alongside the very latest freak and fancies of to-day. True, to suit the needs of farce, they are painted



CATHERINE DASHWOOD, WILLOUGHBY POTTON, PAULINE DASHWOOD (MISS ANNIE CHIPPENDALE), AND TOM DASHWOOD.

"I'm not accustomed to be laughed at!"

mental agony on the part of Mr. Potton serves to keep the numerous patrons of the Vaudeville in a constant state of merriment and laughter almost from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is "Poor Mr. Potton," who while on a holiday at Kissingen (a truly suggestive name) meets a fine and strong-minded widow—twice made, as he himself describes her. In a weak moment he proposes. This lands him into a difficulty from which he never gets free until about eleven o'clock, or five, whichever the case may be. And so he drifts, hopelessly and helplessly, wherever circumstances choose to carry him; and they carry him to the very brink of an action for breach of promise. That he eventually escapes is due to no effort of his own, but to a very curious and amusing fact that accidentally crops up.

Place Mr. Grossmith in thoroughly uncomfortable and unnatural surroundings, and you know quite well what to expect; and you get it. He is intensely funny. During the whole time he is on the stage he

with a rather broad brush, but they are pictures for all that, and not caricatures. And one cannot help marvelling at the change. We have, on the one hand, Mrs. Dashwood, a modern slapdash woman of to-day, with her athletic son and daughters, mad on the "bike," while on the other we have gentle and retiring Mrs. Potton.

The same applies to the servants. One boasts of having been in her situation upwards of thirty years, while the other is proud of the fact that she cannot stop in any situation more than a month or two. To Annie, Mrs. Dashwood's "general," is given a neat description of the two abodes. When her mistress leaves word that she may be found in her boudoir, she replies something like this: "Boudoir! yes—a cupboard with two chairs and a Japanese fan!" When calling at Mrs. Potton's, she says that the place reminds her of a museum—which, in fact, it really is. Poor Mr. Potton has only one calling in life, namely, to amuse the Vaudeville audience, and that he most assuredly does.

"POOR MR. POTTON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



WILLOUGHBY POTTON (MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH), AND CATHERINE DASHWOOD (MISS MAY PALFREY).



TOM DASHWOOD (MR. TOM TERRISS), AND WILLOUGHBY POTTON.

"Is this meant for an insult?"



WILLOUGHBY POTTON, MRS. POTTON (MISS F. HAYDON), AND MRS. DASHWOOD (MISS GLADYS HOMFREY).

"That's legal service."



WILLOUGHBY POTTON AND MRS. DASHWOOD.

"Dolls for the chicks."

"POOR MR. POTTON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



CATHERINE DASHWOOD (MISS MAY PALFREY), AND DICK HARROWBY (MR. WILFRED DRAYCOTT).

"The Spaniards, five o'clock."



WILLOUGHBY POTTON AND MRS. DASHWOOD.

"Welcome to the Nest."



AN AMICABLE SETTLEMENT

"POOR MR. POTTON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



PROFESSOR SCHMIDT (MR. JOHN BEAUCHAMP), AND TOM DASHWOOD.

"A leetle wedding present made in Germany!"



WILLOUGHBY POTTON AND ANNIE (MISS ALICE BEET).

"I don't think much of Missus's third."



"Mater, who is our new papa?"



"Shut up, girls!"

THE MASTER CUTLER OF SHEFFIELD.

Photographs by Sarony, Scarborough.

The Corporation of Sheffield goes back no farther than 1813; the Cutlers' Company has existed from 1624. Although it had, no doubt, been an institution long before the beginning of the seventeenth century, its Act of Parliament dates from 1624. The original provisions were severely restrictive. These were modified from time to time, until, in 1860, when the jurisdiction of the Company was extended to embrace the manufacture of steel, saws, edge-tools, and other articles of steel or of



MR. H. HERBERT ANDREW, THE MASTER CUTLER.

steel and iron combined, having a cutting edge, as well as the various classes of goods more generally specified as cutlery. Up to 1860, no persons were admissible unless they were sons of freemen, or had been apprentices of freemen. The Act of that year abolished this restriction, membership being now obtained either by the applicant having served an apprenticeship with his father, or with any freeman of the Company, or by payment of a substantial fee.

Sheffield has always been proud of its Cutlers' Company, and every season, as September comes round, the installation of the Master, with the quaint ceremonial which has obtained for two hundred and seventy-two years, excites the interest of its citizens. The Guild exists for the government and regulation of the staple trades of the city and neighbourhood. As now constituted, by recent trade-mark legislation, the Cutlers' Company is the registering authority for the district of Hallamshire and six miles compass thereof for all trade-marks used within that district on cutlery, edge-tools, or raw steel, or on goods made of steel or of steel and iron combined, whether with or without a cutting edge. The Cutlers' Company are thus practically in charge of all trade-marks within their district.

The Master Cutler for 1895-6 is Mr. Henry Herbert Andrew, of the firm of Messrs. John Henry Andrew and Co., Toledo Steel Works, Sheffield. The business was founded in 1855 by his father, the late Mr. John Henry Andrew, who retired from the trade in 1883, leaving it to his sons, Messrs. H. H. and J. A. Andrew. The latter subsequently died, and the newly elected Master Cutler is now the sole proprietor of a large establishment employing some eight hundred work-people. The extension of the business in late years has been greatly owing to Mr. Andrew's exceptional business abilities and untiring diligence. The principal specialities of the firm are steel-wire rods for tramway cables, hauling and winding ropes, wire for pianofortes and other musical instruments, and steel for making music of a very different sort when worked up into rifle barrels and projectiles. At the Toledo Steel Works are also produced all descriptions of hammers, coach and carriage springs, and similar goods. Mr. Andrew is also a director in a number of companies of varied business and in different parts of the country.

Set to work at fourteen, Mr. Andrew, as the saying is, "passed through the mill," acquiring practical knowledge of the steel craft. Subsequently, he travelled in the markets to which the Toledo products

were sent, and thus got to know the people by whom they were used. To one of his most important markets—the United States—the Master Cutler has paid close upon sixty visits, although he is yet comparatively young and in the prime of life and energy. His wares are known the world over, and the honours obtained at different exhibitions include the highest distinctions obtainable at Edinburgh and Adelaide in 1887, at Melbourne in 1888-9, and at the South African and International Exhibition in 1892.

The Master Cutler is essentially a man of business, and therefore not given to speech-making. He is not likely to trouble the reporters much during his year of office. Leaving such public honours as City Councillorships to those who like them, he has found abundant means of discharging his duties as a citizen in other directions. A generous and spirited employer, he enjoys the confidence and respect of his work-people, and no cause which commends itself to his judgment appeals in vain to his liberality. Although a very busy man, he is thoroughly English in his sportsmanlike tastes, and allows neither the cares of business nor the claims of office to prevent him getting to the grouse or the partridge in due season. His home at Cliffe End, Ranmoor, the most desirable of the Sheffield suburbs, bears evidence to his culture and love of art in many excellent pictures of the British School, and several examples of the American, notably landscapes by R. van Boskerck, whose work the Master Cutler holds in high estimation. The employees of his firm have presented Mr. Andrew with his portrait, a handsome oil-painting by Mr. Ernest Moore, of Sheffield, a pupil of Professor Herkomer. Mr. Moore has succeeded in giving a vigorous and characteristic presentment of his subject.

Mr. Andrew is a widower, his wife, who was the daughter of Mr. James Nicholson, of Broomfield, Sheffield, having died in January, 1893. He has two daughters—Miss Harriet and Miss Maud. To the eldest, Miss Harriet Andrew, fall the duties of Mistress Cutler. She is the youngest lady who has ever filled that post, which is of the highest social consequence in Hallamshire, as the functions in which the Mistress Cutler takes leading part are the most numerous and important within the city. On another page will be found a picture of Miss Maud's St. Bernard, Duke, which is descended from the famous champion, Save (10,626), and is from the kennels of Mr. J. F. Smith, Norfolk Lodge, Sheffield.

The Cutlers' Feast, long known as the Banquet of the North, was wont to be given on the first Thursday in September, the evening of the day on which the Master was installed. Of late years it has been a



MISS MAUD ANDREW.

movable festival, the date having been altered to suit the convenience of the Cabinet Minister and other distinguished guests expected to be present. The Master Cutler is still installed on the traditional date, and he remains in office for a year, when he is succeeded by the Senior Warden of the Company.

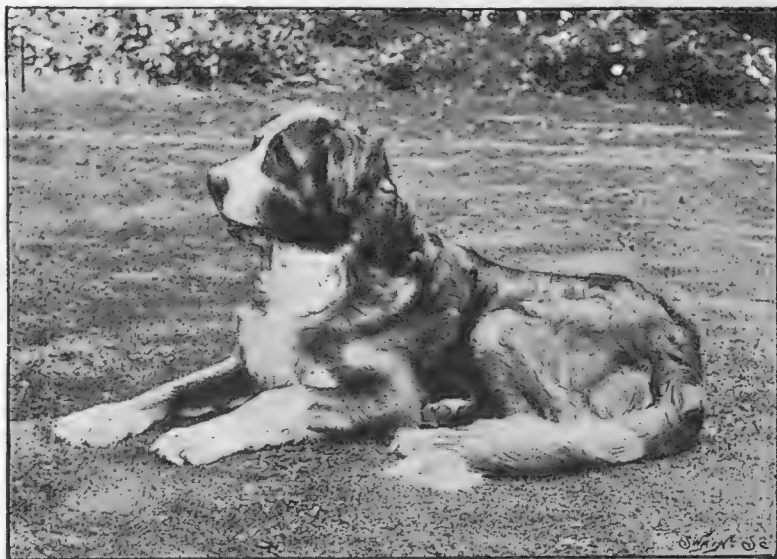
The Mayor and the Master Cutler are closely associated during the tenure of their respective offices. The next Mayor of Sheffield will be the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, who is Lord of the Manor.



THE MISTRESS CUTLER, MISS ANDREW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, SCARBOROUGH.

Both political parties in the City Council happily united to invite the Duke to the Civic Chair. As Postmaster-General in her Majesty's Government, his Grace was naturally reluctant to accept the responsibilities of the Mayoralty, but, the position being pressed upon him as in the interest of the city, he gave his consent. Sheffield will thus be extremely fortunate in possessing as its Chief Magistrate during the ensuing year a nobleman of signal ability and exceptional diligence; while in the chair of the Worshipful Company of Cutlers of Hallamshire will be a gentleman to whom the city looks with perfect confidence for the discharge of the duties devolving upon him in a manner worthy of the traditions of the ancient and honourable office. In all matters where the co-operation



MISS MAUD ANDREW'S ST. BERNARD, DUKE.

Photo by Edwin Tayler, Sheffield.

of the municipality and the Cutlers' Company is desired or required, the city could not be better represented in its civic, commercial, and social interests than by the Mayor and Master Cutler upon whom the choice of Council and Company has fallen for 1895-6.

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

V.—THE INVINCIBLE CURATE.

That was the time of penny readings, and very soon after his arrival at Donniston the Rev. Mr. Benshaw appeared on the platform of the Mechanics' Institute. His figure alone would have commanded attention—tall, muscular, thrilling with vigour; his voice, impressive to begin with, ended by startling his audience and moving the more frivolous to mirth. He recited "Horatius," and never had such a recitation been heard in Donniston. At passages of culminating ardour the windows rattled as though after a thunder-clap. When Mr. Benshaw ceased, the sudden silence seemed of religious intensity; the applause that followed, though sufficiently hearty, had a very feeble effect.

He was only the curate of a minor parish, but his energies soon overflowed the whole town. In a month he was acquainted with all Church people, and stood on friendly terms with many Dissenting families, a thing hitherto unheard of at Donniston. Ladies took a great interest in him, and marvelled that such a man could remain so long in a subordinate position—how unaccountable that such an embodiment of clerical force had never yet been presented with a living! In comparison with Mr. Benshaw, the beneficed clergy of the town and district became insignificant figures. The injustice must be rectified; the bishop must be appealed to; patrons of livings must be awakened. Never had a curate thrown himself into his duties with such burning enthusiasm, such exhaustless physical powers. His talk was never of "High" or of "Low," but of the plain mission of Christianity to the world at large. In his sermons (the mild vicar of St. Peter's cared not how often his curate relieved him in the pulpit) Mr. Benshaw dealt with vast topics, glowing and roaring in prophetic vehemence; one seemed to hear the preacher of a new Crusade, a late-born Apostle.

Unfortunately, he was married. Donniston saw very little of Mrs. Benshaw, and, after the first satisfaction of curiosity, scarcely spoke of her. Ladies recognised the trying position of the poor woman; she lived in a tiny house, had three young children (soon to be four), and kept no servant; a cruel state of things. As far as one could judge, she was the very antithesis of her husband: limp, colourless, of poor health, but moderately intelligent. No one ever met her out of doors; perhaps she stole out after dark, to do her shopping in the poor district where she lived. Her house was said to be most scantily furnished, and by no means a model of cleanliness; the children (two went to a day-school) had a neglected air, pretty but half-starved faces, and their clothing was evidently home-made. One did not like to think on how small an income the family subsisted; it was a shame, a scandal.

Mr. Benshaw had previously lived in a remote part of England; no

one at Donniston had any connection with that far-off town. But in half a year's time rumours were somehow set afloat concerning the reverend gentleman's earlier history; it began to be whispered that Mr. Benshaw had come away heavily in debt to tradesfolk. Moreover, his eldest child, a girl of thirteen, whom the curate had casually spoken of as living with a relative, was said, on some vague authority, to be in the care of a charitable person who had taken compassion on the family when they left their former home. These, and other such stories, had an effect on public feeling, the more so when it became known that Donniston shopkeepers were already complaining that Mrs. Benshaw never paid any bills. But just at this time there chanced to break out an epidemic in the lower quarters of the town, and the gossip of censure speedily gave place to new admiration, inspired by Mr. Benshaw's heroic efforts. For several weeks the curate's muscular form was splendidly prominent. He defied contagion, he knew not weariness; by sick-beds he gave proof of womanly tenderness, and his leonine voice subdued itself to softest, soothingest murmurs. Impossible not to forget, for the moment, at all events, those unpaid shopkeepers in the remote town, and kindred grumblers at Donniston.

When the sickness came to an end, certain ladies got up a little testimonial for the curate of St. Peter's. It took the form of a silver tea-service, and those who gave it did so in the hope that Mrs. Benshaw, having evidently no use for such a luxury, would speedily dispose of it for coin of the realm. Ere a month had elapsed, this actually came to pass. The curate took a journey to a large town, and returned at night with a more considerable sum of money than he had for many years possessed. When he arrived, he found his wife sitting in the miserable little parlour, by a stunted fire, sewing at a child's garment; he bent over her, kissed her forehead, and stroked her hair kindly with his great fingers. Then he laid out the money before her, and they rejoiced together.

"I have been thinking very gravely"—this in his deep voice—"that some portion of this—some portion—should go towards a liquidation of the debts."

"I'm afraid so," replied Mrs. Benshaw, sighing.

"Nicholson's very insolent letter makes it impossible to pay *him*. He would suppose I did it out of fear, and I fear no man. It shall be Dawson. Dawson has behaved very properly. I always liked the man. He shall have twenty shillings on account. No, he shall have thirty. More we cannot possibly afford."

Mrs. Benshaw began a doleful recounting of all their immediate necessities. Her husband listened gravely, but in the end, as always, gave a cheery turn to the talk.

"Let us remember, dear, how much reason we have for thankfulness. Who could have imagined that Mrs. Riley—excellent woman!—would take entire charge of Harriet? I assure you, I never dreamt of it; I thought it would be for a few months at most; of course, I never hinted in the most distant manner any other desire or expectation. And now the dear child is provided for! Pray do not forget to write to Mrs. Riley at least once a month."

"Oh," said Mrs. Benshaw presently, "I almost forgot to tell you. Mrs. Batt called this afternoon, and was very kind. She recommends a nurse in West Street; you must make inquiries."

"To be sure. Excellent woman! I have a high opinion of Mrs. Batt. Did she see the children?"

"Oh, yes. She says Amy is very like her own, that died. The likeness grows upon her, she says. And she asked the date of her birthday."

"Ah!—well now, I must go round and see poor old Simkin; he may go off any day. Cheer up, dear! There are better days to come."

Not long after this the baby was born, and Mrs. Benshaw had a perilous time. Female sympathy was not wanting, nor yet substantial assistance. The good lady, Mrs. Batt, a comfortable widow, with a grown-up son, remained staunch in her admiration of the curate, and lavished kindness upon his wife. But in the background was that little group of Donniston tradesfolk, who continued to supply goods rarely paid for, and grumbled incessantly. In truth, the rent of his house, and sundry inevitable expenses, consumed all Mr. Benshaw's petty stipend. He owed so much in many parts of Great Britain that solvency had come to seem a hopeless ideal. Sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof. Mr. Benshaw discharged with unfailing energy what he regarded as his immediate duty, and committed the rest to Providence.

But the end was foreseen—at all events, by the vicar of St. Peter's. At the close of a twelvemonth, this gentleman spoke to his curate with mild but firm remonstrance. A long conversation resulted in Mr. Benshaw's grave announcement—that it certainly *would* be better if he could obtain some rustic curacy, where living was cheaper and tongues fewer. The incumbent promised his aid to this end. Oddly enough, nothing whatever had been done in Donniston towards providing Mr. Benshaw with a benefice. He was the same as ever, but his admirers had grown languid.

The new curacy was found; the Benshaws prepared for another migration. Then on a day Mrs. Batt came to Mrs. Benshaw with a singular proposal: would the parents allow little Amy to remain with Mrs. Batt, to be cared for with all motherly kindness? Of course, she might at any time return, but for the present—until things looked brighter?

"Excellent woman!" remarked the curate that evening. "Who could have looked for such generous thoughtfulness? I am sure dear Amy will be quite as happy as dear Harriet."

There was some little unpleasantness in Donniston before the Benshaws' departure: one or two ill-conditioned shopkeepers said and did nasty things. But Mr. Benshaw received another testimonial, this time a silver coffee-pot. It helped to pay for the removal.

MISS ETHEL HAYDON IN "THE SHOP GIRL."

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"A MAN'S FOES."*

How difficult it is to forecast the literary future, how easy to mistake an accident of the moment for the eternal fitness of things! Take the historical novel. Only a few years ago Robert Louis Stevenson declared roundly that it was "dead," and there was none found to say him nay. The youngsters, it was supposed, could no longer abide Scott and Dumas, looking at them askance with the rest of the dreary volumes known as "papa's books." And now we are all, young and old, reading Mr. Stanley Weyman! It is the Dumasian tradition rather than that of Scott which Mr. Weyman has revived. He gives us romantic adventures, novels of "cape and sword." But there is room for character as well as incident in the historical novel—and, if it is to justify its renaissance, if it is really to show a new birth unto righteousness, then character it must give us. As to the proper admixture of history and fiction, that, I think, will always have to be very much what it always has been. The history must be the flavouring, not the substance, the sauce, not the fish. For your historical novelist is, after all—and before all—a novelist; he is not a historian. Facts in themselves are nothing to his purpose; they are only useful to him as aids to illusion. Some two thousand years ago, Aristotle, a wily person, much given to distinctions, drew one between history and "poetry," or, as we should say, "fiction." "History and fiction," said he, "are distinguished by this, that the one relates to what has been, the other to what might be: on this account fiction is a more philosophical and a more excellent thing than history; for fiction is chiefly conversant about general truth, history about particular." If the historical novel had been invented in Aristotle's day, he would have rejoiced in a chance for a further distinction or sub-distinction. He would, perhaps, have said that historical fiction is the history of what might have been developed from the history of what has been, and harmonised with it. For the two have to be brought, in the phrase of Goldsmith's gentleman with the dancing bear, "into a concatenation accordingly." And that is one reason why it is an excellent rule in historical novel-writing to keep your history in the background. Keep it for your scenery, your "properties," your walking gentlemen, and your "crowd without." If you are bold enough to make your hero and heroine historical personages, I wish you joy of your task. We shall know all about them beforehand; as soon as your imagination sets to work upon them we shall detect you, and then what becomes of your illusion? It's no good your telling me that "to raise the fainting form of the lovely *ricandière* to his saddle, while, with a blow of his sword, he struck Wellington's head from his shoulders, was for Napoleon the work of a moment," because I have read all about the battle of Waterloo, and know better. You have failed to harmonise what might have been with what has been. No, you must leave ample verge and room enough for your "general truth" by a rigorous subordination of your "particular truth." Wherefore, choose a historical incident of which only the main outlines are generally known, and in which the leading figures are so little known that you can use them freely for your story without compelling our knowledge to spoil our illusion.

That is what Mrs. E. H. Strain has done in what I take to be quite the best historical novel of the day. Her subject is the siege of Derry in 1689, a subject excellently chosen, because we all know enough about it, but not too much—that is to say, enough to spare the novelist the tedious preliminaries of "exposition," but not enough to cramp her in the invention of detail. And it is a fine subject, because it is the story of a siege. All sieges are interesting, whether you view them strategically from the outside, as Uncle Toby did with the siege of Namur, or hungrily from the inside, as M. Edmond de Goncourt did with the siege of Paris. The siege of Khartoum thrilled two hemispheres. Has there been any newspaper-reading for the last year so exciting as the siege of Chitral? But this siege of Derry, "for pleasure and deevilment"—I mean, of course, on paper—beats all the rest hollow. The temper of the besieged was so lofty, their sufferings were so terrible, their fortitude so Spartan,

their sortics so gallant! And note that the choice of a siege for her subject has almost of itself brought Mrs. Strain's book into what I have ventured to suggest is the right line of development for the historical novel—the line of character, not the line of adventure. Adventure she does give us, to be sure, and adventure of the most romantic: as, for one instance, the heroine's rescue of her husband from his jailer, and, for another, her escape from Derry through the enemy's lines. But it is character, before everything, that a siege brings into prominence—the slow, steady courage of endurance, the gradual silting upwards of the minds that can organise and the wills that can command, the capacity for silent helpfulness, hope, and faith. And so "A Man's Foes" is something much better than a mere historical novel; it is a novel of character. There is a fine ethical grandeur in the book; an almost Biblical simplicity in its people. Colonel Adam, the born captain; Hewson, the sour, stern, uncompromising zealot; Browning and Hamilton, the gallant, full-blooded gentlemen; Lundy, the smooth, vulpine traitor; Rabbie Wilson, the old Scotch gardener; the wild Irish lad, Gorman O'Cahan—these all stand

out, solid and alive. Best of all is the shrewd, spirited, loving, heroic little wife who tells the story—for Mrs. Strain has chosen the difficult "memoir" form, the form which even Scott "funked," the form which Thackeray mastered so splendidly in "Esmond." It is a difficult form, of course, because of the limitations it imposes; the novelist has to narrow himself down to a dramatist, restricting himself not merely to the language—that is the least part of it—but to the field of thought and emotion appropriate to a certain character in a past age. How would an Irish lady have thought and spoken, what would have been her attitude towards life, her neighbours, politics, religion, and the cosmos in the Ulster of 1689? That was the problem Mrs. Strain had to solve. Has she succeeded? I should guess—of course, it can nowadays only be guess-work for any of us—that she has. Be that as it may, she has presented us with a true and pious and lovable woman, who breathes her own magnanimity and high courage into her story, so that the reading of it braces one like a tonic. A. B. WALKLEY.



MRS. E. H. STRAIN.

Photo by Davey, Harrogate.

THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

On Oct. 26, as a fitting ending to the celebrations of the centenary of the Institute of France, its members, to the number of 250 (including, among other Associate Members and Correspondents, Lord Kelvin and Mr. Alma-Tadema), were invited by the Duc d'Aumale to inspect the Château de Chantilly. Arriving from the Gare du Nord by special train, this distinguished company was met at the local station by fifteen large carriages, accompanied by huntsmen in livery, who led the cavalcade to the château, passing, *au grand trot*, through the stables—a palace in themselves. A good story is told, in connection with this building, of how some of the Immortals, having heard the duke intended asking them to *déjeuner* in the stables, were exercised in their minds as to the dignity thereof. These rumours coming to his ears, the duke, wishing to please everybody, gave orders that the *déjeuner* in the stables should be transformed into a stand-up lunch in one of the rooms of the château, there being none large enough to comfortably seat so many. Had these gentlemen known that, in 1782, the Prince de Condé entertained to supper the Emperor Paul of Russia in these same stables, they would, perhaps, not have been so squeamish. The Duc d'Aumale, who was still suffering from an attack of gout, received his guests in the vestibule, seated in a carriage-armchair. After lunch, the treasures, artistic and scientific, of this beautiful palace were examined, and at four o'clock they returned in state to the station. By this visit the members of the Institute may be said to have taken moral possession of what will one day be really theirs, the Duc d'Aumale having, at the time of the expulsion of the French pretenders, bequeathed his seat at Chantilly to France, through the Institute, on condition that it should be left intact. The town of Chantilly, which is chiefly known as a racing centre, attracting large crowds twice a year, is remarkable from the fact that about half its population is English, connected directly or indirectly with the stables.

* "A Man's Foes." By E. H. Strain. London: Ward, Lock, and Bowden.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



JEUNE FILLE À L'ÉVENTAIL.—MADAME ESTHER HUILLARD.

EXHIBITED IN THE SALON DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

ART NOTES.

The Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, which opened its doors to the public a few days ago, shows, take it all in all, quite an interesting collection of pictures. It is not so much, perhaps, that one is able to pick out one or two very considerable works—works which distinguish an exhibition, as it were, by name—but the average is very satisfactory, and,



MRS. DYSON.—FLORENCE MARKS.
Exhibited at the Society of Portrait Painters, New Gallery.
Photo by W. Gray, Queen's Road, Bayswater.

considering the circumstance that there are altogether some five hundred pictures on show in these galleries, there are very few that may reasonably be described as altogether worthless.

The Hon. John Collier, strong but hardly sympathetic painter as he is, still, as last year, sticks to drama for his most powerful effects. His "Hallow-E'en" has all the customary indications of his strength and somewhat hard simplicity. The picture represents a young girl, upon the awful night in question, looking at herself in a mirror, and seeing far beyond in the mysterious depths of the glass a ghostly face. The lighting of the picture is its strongest point, and the effect is convincing.

To return to a more formal method of cataloguing, two pictures are exhibited by the President of the Institute, Sir James Linton. One is "Portia," a three-quarter length, in which an effect of the utmost brilliance is clearly aimed at, and is partially obtained. Portia's garb, of the brightest red, is perhaps a little startling, especially when one recalls the legal character in which Sir James Linton has evidently intended to represent her—else, why should she wear the legal cap and carry an important portfolio? The second of the President's pictures is a quiet landscape, "Newhouse Park, St. Albans," in which the red of the bricks makes a pleasant contrast with the soft green of the grass.

Mr. Frank Dadd, who, although he possesses a limited artistic convention of character, is an extremely clever and dramatic artist within the limits of that convention, contributes a pleasant work, "Do you quarrel, sir?" which, in its own way, and on its own lines, has singular merit, the merit, let us say, of keen, worldly, dramatic incisiveness. There is nothing very interesting in the disputes of sham Elizabethans, but Mr. Dadd makes his subject interesting by the completeness with which he perfects his own perhaps somewhat minor ideal. The end of Newlyn, it has always been our confirmed opinion, is portrait-painting; Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Frank Bramley, and Mr. T. C. Gotch have all strayed into that inevitable path; and here comes Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler, with all his cleverness and his frankly scrutinising—but not idealising—observation (a fault most incident to Newlyners) brought to bear upon the portraits of Mrs. Venables and the Countess Annesley. Like his fellow Newlyners, Mr. Chevallier Tayler paints a clever and full portrait.

It would be impossible to enumerate even the more prominent among the many pictures of this exhibition without being tedious; we must conclude our notice with the briefest reference. Mr. Aumonier, who is nearly always interesting, is no less so than usual in his poetical "A Sussex Lane"; Mr. Overend's actuality is, perhaps, a little overwhelming; Mr. Claude Hayes' landscape, "Early Morning in the Meadows," has something in it of fine artistic quality, in spite of a certain faint tendency to emptiness of effect; Mr. Edwin Hayes' seas are prominently vigorous; and, for an end, Mr. Cotman's "The End of the Harvest," is, for its quality of light, a picture which no visitor to the exhibition should miss.

Mr. Edwin A. Abbey's "Studies in Pastel," now on view at the Fine Art Society's rooms, certainly show a side of Mr. Abbey's artistic character with which we had by no means associated: his delicate and humorous talent. These pastels, however, should not surprise, even by their unexpectedness; for it need not be astonishing that an artist who at one portion of his career had finely appreciated one medium of his art, should at another portion of that career finely appreciate another medium of that art. Mr. Abbey has used pastel as pastel should be used—not as oil- or water-colour, nor as pencil, but as pastel pure and simple. Perhaps his endeavour to accomplish this feat is a little too obvious and self-conscious; but there can be no doubt about the fact that Mr. Abbey often commands exceptional resources in the matter of colouring and that his humour is still with him.

The Royal Society of British Artists, which is again showing such treasures of art as British artists can supply it withal, exhibits, as the most important contribution to its rooms this year, a series of landscape studies in oil by Sir Frederic Leighton. It would be absurd to claim for such work as this the merit of naturalness, or, let us say, of natural illusion. Sir Frederic frankly does not paint sunlight or atmosphere; he does not pretend so to do; but he makes his own convention so unmistakable that nobody in his senses would dream of comparing him to a Corot, or a Daubigny, or a Constable. There may, again, be two opinions about the beauty or the fitness of Sir Frederic's convention, but that he carries out precisely his own intention cannot for a moment be denied, and we would deny neither dignity nor beauty to such work as "Moorish Gateway, Ronda," or "Cypresses at Broussa." The rest of the exhibition does not call for exceptional comment. Mr. Wyke Bayliss comes with another of his cathedrals—this time, St. John Lateran's, at Rome; Mr. Charles Eastlake, Mr. Cayley Robinson, Mr. Frank Dean, Mr. Almond, and many another artist of known name, send pictures which, combined, make a passable enough collection, but which are none of them distinguished by any conspicuous individual merit.



IRONING.—K. G. SPINK.
Exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society.



A MOATED GRANGE.
DRAWN BY HERBERT RAILTON.

LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR.



SIR WALTER WILKIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

LONDON'S NEW LADY MAYORESS.



LADY WILKIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

A—NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A DRAMA OF THE NINTH.

BY B. A. CLARKE.

If I could alter the setting of this story, I would gladly do so. There was an idyllic sweetness, an old-world charm and reticence, about my relations with the girl with the heliotrope bow, and the tinsel gorgeousness of pantomime is not the background one would select for these.

My presence at such a function as the Lord Mayor's Procession I am not ashamed of. A City man is often called upon to sacrifice his higher instincts, and last Friday's was a case in point. My employer, who had recently returned from a protracted absence, was down at the office, and eyeing me with distrust. He said nothing, but had it in his mind that I intended to go straight on with my work, and I knew that he was questioning my general industry from the apathy I displayed towards such a unique opportunity as the Ninth affords for wasting time. It was incumbent upon me to allay these suspicions. "I desire to see the Show, sir," I said (how the words stuck in my throat!); and, obtaining permission, went out into the streets. My intention was to visit an old colleague who had recently started in business for himself. He rented a third-floor office on the route of the procession. There, apart from the pageant itself, my susceptibilities were not likely to meet with any affront. I found my friend hard at work. The streets could only be seen from a balcony, and that he had found dangerous. I made some genial comments upon his lack of courage, and threw up the sash. The outlook was not pleasant; but neither was the prospect of my friend's clumsy banter if I looked back. The balcony was only an enlarged window-sill, protected to the height of eighteen inches by an iron rail. By keeping hold of the window-frame, I could assure myself against actual peril. After a minute, I was sufficiently easy in mind to take a look round. Dead opposite me was a large building crowded with ladies and children. A small window, exactly on a level with my own, was occupied by one girl. I had got so far as to notice that she was wearing a heliotrope bow, when something she was listening to provoked a smile. It was a curiously intricate expression. At its beginning it was difficult to observe it and refrain from laughing, out of sheer pleasure. In the fading of the smile there was the material for tears. To deepen my interest, I had an opportunity soon of studying the girl's face when she was amused in a different way. An overdressed man had been jostled by a mounted policeman. His top-hat was jerked into the road, where it became a plaything of the populace. The incident was valueless in itself, but the man's expression of countenance at each successive outrage to his property was touched with the most delicately graded humour. The girl leaned her elbows upon the little stone parapet in front of her and laughed gloriously. There was a funny little catch in her breath, too, that was irresistible. To supplant that smile by that laugh was worthy, I told myself, the sacrifice of a guinea hat, or the best years of a man's life.

My opposite neighbour changed her position. She was now supporting her cheek upon the left hand, the right hanging down by her side. From the gloom in which the interior of the room behind her was wrapped, I saw a large hand stretch out and close round the slender fingers. The interest of the drama was deepening. It was the girl's lover whose conversation brought that look into her face. She was scarcely yet a woman, and already the illusion of her engagement had worn away. One could see that she felt the inadequateness of her lover's humour, and was jarred constantly by the complacent Philistinism of his remarks. A minute later, I had an opportunity of forming my own judgment upon the young man. It corresponded in every detail with the one the girl had pronounced. Her strictures, I had to admit, were more than justified. When he mounted into the window and took his seat close by his fiancée, I felt honestly sorry.

So far the girl had been ignorant of my existence. There was a touch of irony in the fact that it was her lover that pointed me out. The first impression I produced upon her was one of pure pity. She looked from me to the low rail, and then straight down to the pavement. Her glance met mine as it reascended from the street.

"Why risk your life upon that?" the look said, indicating the window-sill.

"Why sacrifice your happiness upon that?" my glance answered, indicating the young man.

I was mad to have said this, but the temptation was too strong. The girl turned crimson. She laid her hand within her lover's, and looked back defiantly. She read no mockery in my gaze, only sympathy and kindness. After this, for some time, she pointedly avoided meeting my glance, though I have reason to believe that she kept herself informed about my goings-on. It was best so. Honour and prudence alike demanded that we should see as little of each other as possible.

In our different ways, we were both now trying to live down the recollection of what had passed. The girl's watchword was "Duty." In the position of her hand she seemed to find a protection against her fancies, and, when she removed it for a minute, it was only that she might place a folded newspaper for her lover's elbows to lean on. For my own part, I plunged recklessly into pleasure and affairs. The struggles of men for place and eminence, the circumstance of war, the cloying sweetness of popular tunes—it was in these things that I sought oblivion. As I was cheering the car of "the Tynne Plate and Wyre

Workers," I half caught the girl's eye. It was full of reproach. Woman-like, she resented my having taken her at her word. I did not look up immediately, but waited the approach of the Gardeners' Car, which, I had heard, was to be the feature of the procession. Just as it was drawing near, I raised my head and looked the girl with the heliotrope bow full in the face. She glanced down at the car, and then back inquiringly. I shook my head. Gilt temples and wax figures, my look said, were of no interest to me in comparison to her face. The girl was evidently not used to courtesy of this kind, for she blushed with pleasure. I looked for the second time at the figure by her side. The man's chin was down on his arm, and he had eyes only for the show. Immeasurably superior to him as his sweetheart was, it was only a corner of his affections she would ever occupy. Prompted by some sudden instinct, she leaned over, and drew her left hand caressingly across her lover's flaxen head. The young man took no notice of the action; he was absorbed in the procession. Dolt! This must have been the last flicker of tenderness on the girl's part, for shortly afterwards she disengaged her right hand. The man permitted it (being intent upon the passing of a pasteboard Cupid), and sat up by himself. By this time we had thrown off disguise, and had eyes only for one another. As the Lord Mayor's carriage drew near, the girl glanced at me roguishly. I smiled. There was no reason to answer a question that had never been seriously put. The girl with the heliotrope bow knew me too well to fear a rival in such bourgeois splendour. As a commentary, I gave one careless glance along the course of the procession, and then let my gaze return to its old resting-place. All that that quarter of a mile stood for—ambition, riches, popular applause—I could turn my back upon for a single smile. The girl looked down the street in the other direction. I misunderstood the action at first, and thought my boldness had given offence; but its tremendous significance soon flashed upon me. She was counting the files of the rear escort. With miserly affection she was numbering the last seconds of our interview. This was all that passed between us. The lover awoke, and, dismounting from the seat in the window, handed his mistress back into the room. I raised my hat, but she did not bow. Just as the gloom of the office was about to absorb her, she turned round and waved a small handkerchief. The girl's way was the best. It was wiser to close the episode with a farewell than to attempt the mockery of a merely formal acquaintanceship.

When I found myself back again in my friend's office, I laughed and talked wildly. I believe I said that the Show was not equal to those of previous years, or some remark of that kind.

"You are not well," said my friend, alarmed as much by my manner as by the words. "It was more dangerous out there than you expected?"

"Much," I replied.

"Lie down. You will soon get over it," he added cheerfully.

"It is better as it is," I replied, meaning that I would have the malady remain at its worst. My friend took the remark as a declaration of convalescence, and worried me no further.

On the Monday after the Show, I was talking to a bank clerk at the corner of Lombard Street. My interest in him was enhanced by the fact that he was employed in the very building at the third-floor window of which I had so persistently stared. While we were standing there, a flaxen-haired man, whose face I recollected, came up, and our common friend, needlessly, I thought, made us known. The newcomer made some fatuous remarks, and went away laughing boisterously.

"A merry soul," I said bitterly.

"You have no perception," said the bank clerk, "or you would have detected that that gaiety was put on. Rogers has just had his engagement broken off, and he wishes to repel the suspicion that he is the injured party. It must have been very sudden. He had his sweetheart up at the office on Friday, to look at the Lord Mayor's Show."

"I believe I saw her," I replied carelessly; "she was dressed in green."

"You are mistaken," said the bank clerk; "she was dressed in black, and wore a heliotrope bow."

The young author has found a friend in the anonymous gentleman who has written "How to Write Fiction" (Bellairs). There is not only an art of fiction, he thinks, but it can be expounded; and so he has given us these chapters on "The Central Idea," "The Soul of the Story," "How to obtain a Good Command of Language," "How to Observe Men and Women," and so on. It is a very fascinating prospect this friend holds out to the young author; if he be a ready pupil; but, alas! one might as well be told to cultivate a handsome nose as to cultivate a knowledge of human nature, which is a gift at birth, or is wrung from the chances and mischances of life. There was never a book of the kind that did not contain much nonsense, but, at least, there are no promises of short cuts here; the author is great on the "scientific study" of humanity. The young writer "will have to do some," says his (probably American) friend, with much decision. The impeccable model of the book is Maupassant. It is Maupassant here, there, and everywhere, till one is glad the poor fellow is dead and out of the reach of so justifiable a cause of frenzy. But one thing this painstaking mentor does not tell the young author; and that is, how to place the results of all this scientific study of human nature and of the best models, and in his secret heart that is all the aspirant wants to be told.

THE NEW SHERIFFS OF LONDON AND THEIR WIVES.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



MRS. POUND.



MR. SHERIFF POUND.



MR. SHERIFF COOPER.



MRS. COOPER.



*Why do you wear the Silk-worm's Toils?
 Or glory in the Shell-Fish Spoils?
 Or strive to shew the Grains of Ore,
 That you have gather'd on the Shore,
 Whereof to make a stock
 To graft the greener Emerald on,
 Or any better-water'd Stone?
 Or Ruby of the Rock?
 Why do you smell of Amber-grease,
 Of which was formed Neptune's Niece,
 The Queen of Love; unless you can
 Like Seaborn Venus Love a Man?*

* * *

BEN. JONSON.



COLLEGE ROOMS.

Photographs by Stearn, Cambridge.

"Where do you keep?" is a query which, if addressed to most people, would be misunderstood and misconstrued by those unaccustomed to 'Varsity vernacular. Defined literally, the word "keep" signifies "live," owing its derivation to the expression "Keeping term." When "up" at either 'Varsity, each man has his own rooms, almost invariably



only two, which *must* be either in college (abbreviated to "in coll."), or in specially licensed lodging-houses. To live in the latter is termed "Keeping in digs." Without exception, the accommodation in colleges—mostly very ancient buildings—is totally inadequate for the number of men, graduates and undergraduates, whose names are on the college register, and who are still "in residence," despite general additional modern wings. Therefore, about half the college strength "keep out." For this purpose there are innumerable small lodging-houses, whose owners submit themselves entirely to 'Varsity authority, and are thereby licensed, contingent upon rigid restrictions. No one who is *in statu pupillari* is permitted, under pain of expulsion, to sleep elsewhere than in college or these privileged lodgings, nor can these apartments even be occupied prior to submitting the suggested arrangement between landlord and tenant to the college authorities. As to whether one "keeps out" or "in" is usually at the option of a "Senior." In the case of a "fresher," the decision generally is in the hands of the college, who may give heed to an expression of preference in allotting the vacant suites. At some colleges, the "freshmen" (as far as they can be accommodated) come into college to live and after their first year can exchange to outside apartments if so willed. In other cases, "freshers" are boarded out, taking their turn to get into college as vacancies occur each term. Undergrads are expected to reside in the immediate vicinity of their own college, "licensed lodgings" (as the neat card in the window asserts) existing in all manner of unique situations, over shops, in narrow alleys, and up intricate passages and staircases.

In "keeping out," of course, the necessity of purchasing furniture is avoided; the advantage of better and continuous attendance is vouchsafed, with that envy of all "in" college men—gas. These rooms are usually moderately well-furnished, and vary on the average from £8 to £14 a term (nine weeks). Only in very exceptional cases do rooms consist of more than a bed- and sitting-room, though some wealthy, extravagant men do engage a third or fourth room, and even almost the entire house. All this, however, is entirely optional and very occasional. In college the rooms are debited at from £5 to £8 a term, according to size and position, this being for the bare apartments only. The method followed is this: On "going down" a man may take the whole or any

part of his furniture and effects. Whatever is left is scheduled and valued by the appraisers appointed by the authorities, certain colleges having certain valuers.

This inventory, with the appended valuations, is submitted to the incoming tenant or his guardian, and naturally either the accepted "pensioner," or someone on his behalf, visits his allotted abode, and inspects the furnishings. Usually, only the floor-coverings and main standing furniture is left behind. The new-comer can take either the entire effects or *any* portion, the residue falling upon the valuers (who

are, of course, furniture-dealers). The total of the original inventory is thus, in any event, credited to the owner, and the value of the chosen appurtenances is debited to the new occupant. A strange custom is to include the wall-paperings at a nominal valuation.

College apartments consist of two rooms, with the addition of a small storage pantry called a "gyp" room. In some cases this is but a cupboard on the staircase itself, in others quite of good dimensions. The rooms in the "old" buildings are invariably large, old-fashioned in shape and size, dark, with small-paned windows, and approached by winding, narrow staircases. The modern erections, of course, contain commodious, well-lighted apartments.

These naturally yield better opportunity for artistic and cosy furnishing. Though, in a great measure, *all* 'Varsity men's rooms bear a similarity in adornment, and could never be taken for other than what they are, there is a vast disparity in the manner of the furnishings, and by the surroundings and embellishments can you depict the occupant—the athletic, the horsey, the boating, or the reading man, the "slacker,"



or the "recluse." The rooms illustrated are *exceptionally*—well, luxuriously and tastefully furnished. Two views show the sitting-room. The main articles of furniture are, of course, much alike in all rooms, if varying in style and the degree of comfort and luxury. It is in the "nicknacks" that the reflection of the occupant's tastes is displayed. Naturally, all sitting-apartments are carpeted, and contain a small table and fancy cloth, a fender and fire-irons, two or three chairs, a coal-box, a lamp (of a particular safety kind, for gas is not allowed), and one or two large arm-chairs, those of the basket species being especial favourites. Almost invariably, too, is there a small sideboard (more or less pretentious, but generally very meagre), cloth curtains to the windows, a screen (frequently worked with the college arms, the work of the owner's own or somebody else's sister), a *portière* over the door, a mantel-mirror, a book-shelf, a small tea-table, and a sofa, or the more generally liked lounging-settee, *plus* a piano (hired), whether the occupant plays or not. Pictures, mats, antimacassars, &c., are superfluities. Many men place their tables in a corner against the wall, so as to gain space, and in winter wheel the couch in front of the fire.

Without exception, the walls are adorned with the 'Varsity and college arms, mostly upon wooden plaques in the shape of shields.

The sideboard and mantelshelf are receptacles for the owner's "people's" photos, as also those of his "best girl," his special college chums (as gradually acquired, and what man doesn't like his photo taken?), the champions in his favourite sports, or his "pet" actress. The sideboard, too, bears proof of his athletic prowess, the walls evidence of his especial pastime (with any cap or oar gained overhanging), and participation in a 'Varsity or college "footer" or athletic group or "eight." No one ever saw an athletic man's college mantelpiece without a term's fixture list—whether it be for "socket," "rugger," "Fenners"—or a "boating notice." Except in the case of a studious individual—termed "a swatter"—the lecture list, by some mischance, does not receive equally prominent display. Then there are many cards interchanged, or "left upon him," when a "fresher," by former pals or "men on his staircase"; two or three menu-cards (mementoes of "little dinners"); a portrait-group of that year's "blues" in his particular sport; a few invitation-cards; a sports or "A.D.C." programme; a "Union" notice; a kitchen-bill; and, may be, a "proctorial" reminder, a treasured, if costly, document.

Were any man's rooms ever without evidence of smoke, in the shape of an open box of cigarettes or a pipe-rack? or of hospitality, displayed by the presence of a tin of biscuits, a few glasses and half-emptied bottles, and the remnants of dessert? And further distinguished are they by framed photos of the college "Quad" or chapel, wall-frames for several photos, and innumerable "fresher's follies"—small articles, such as candlesticks and shades, ash-trays, china vases and ornaments, letter-racks, &c., all bearing the university and college arms, and gathered during his first terms, by reason of which they have gained their sobriquet. The quantity and style of a man's general crockery depends upon his pocket or allowance and inclination to entertain, china and glass bearing the respective college arms being much in vogue. They are kept in the "gyp" room, and taken charge of by "the 'bedder' on the staircase," such appellation being an abbreviation of bed-maker bestowed upon the woman who fulfils the duties of general servant to some half-dozen sets of rooms in one quarter.

In the sleeping-apartment much greater disparity is displayed, and it is the rule rather than the exception to find it other than primitive and sparsely furnished, frequently a shadow of its original self a generation or two of undergrads back. Many bed-rooms, in fact, are not papered, showing a cold, uninviting, distempered wall, and if, too, devoid of carpet (either a very shabby portion or a strip of matting is no uncommon thing), a very bare, cheerless appearance is presented.

The outlooks of college rooms are vastly different, dependent, of course, materially upon the situation of the building. Those in the main streets of the town naturally give a noisy, unpleasant, busy view; others afford some of the very prettiest aspects of meadow and river imaginable; while those facing into some of the courts are grim and dull. It must not be imagined that there are not rare cases of excessively meagre sitting-rooms, almost consonant with the bare bed-chambers described; but almost every man takes pride in his sitting-room, into which he asks others, and it is our object to portray the *general* run of a college man's abode, not the exception. Many rooms, too, bear testimony to damage other than fair wear and tear, suggestive of occasions of a giddy, joyous, and not too temperate assembly.

In "May" and "Commemoration" week, the respective denominations of the Cambridge and Oxford days of festivity at the ending of May term (in June), with the expected visit of "one's people," there is general renovation and decoration of rooms, with the kindly "bedder's" aid and advice, plants and flowers, and sometimes lace window-curtains, being added. Many men have flower window-boxes during this term. Each set of rooms has an outer door, termed "an oak," of which only the owner has the key (and, as often has been found to be fortunate, the lodge-porter a duplicate). A man's "oak" is rarely closed during the day; when so, it is an indication, either that he is out, or does not care for interruption (an unusual circumstance). It is then said that his "oak is sported," which is further shortened to "he's sported." All in college ground-floor rooms are iron-barred if egress and ingress are possible. Outside apartments *must* have shutters. At the entrance to each staircase, all the residents' names are emblazoned in white lettering on a black ground, and each occupant is similarly briefly described over his "oak," initials only being used when there are more than one of similar name.

DALLIE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Miss Isabella O. Ford's story, "On the Threshold" (Edward Arnold), has the merit of containing an accurate picture of two girls' life in London. They come to tackle problems as old as the world with all that fresh enthusiasm which regards the Metropolis as an oyster to be easily opened. The gradual strengthening of their opinions is well drawn, and Miss Ford can be complimented on a realistic portrait of a landlady and her husband. She does not make Aunt Henrietta as interesting as the aunt in her former excellent story, "Miss Blake of Monkshilton," but there is an actuality about the other characters in the volumes which marks steady progress.

If anyone wants a peep into an earlier world of letters and society, through a most comfortably placed hole, he can have it in two books which Mr. L. B. Seeley has edited with a kindly recognition of the distractions of to-day—"Fanny Burney and Her Friends" and "Horace Walpole and His World" (Seeley). They are selections from the journals, with just as much narrative as is needed to join the bits together. A deal of pedantic nonsense is talked and written about the depravity of reading extracts. Youth, of course, should be austere, taught the iniquity, the vulgar iniquity, of doing one's good reading in an easy fashion; and in old age we all hope for leisure to read the very longest memoirs and the novels of Richardson without the slightest alleviation of their length. But just at present I can bear to be helped in my search for the picture of Fanny Burney dancing a jig after the success of her "Evelina," or of the dying Johnson bidding Fanny remember him in her prayers; or of Fanny, shy and stammering before the King's "What! what!"; or for Horace's lament for his overdriven self as he goes "shepherdising with Macaronies, sits up at loo with my Lady Hertford, is witness to Miss Pelham's orgies, dines at villas, and gives dinner at his own"—though, of course, good simple man, he would so much rather be listening to nightingales. These old friendly passages and many another I light on easily here, and I feel a debtor to Mr. Seeley, therefore.

We have to acknowledge a new poetess, or a newly found one, Mrs. Marriott Watson. Her "Vespertilia" (Lane) is a volume of verse of much sweetness, and if, as usual, it is in a minor key, it is not depressing. Two things she can do better than most of our minor poets, though they are the things the minor poets try most frequently nowadays. She can describe the spirit of a landscape and she can express subdued, resigned regret. "Open Sesame"—an autumn moonlight scene and the spirit it engenders are its theme—reveals both these features—

So low swings the broad, gold moon, I could clasp her—nearly;
Up to the brow of the down, and an arm's length merely.

So simple the charmed word I could almost say it;
The glimmering dusk, the dew-fall, half betray it;
Half—yet the silence holds her spell unspoken,
Mute; while the instant fades estranged and broken.

Joy in the task beloved tho' unavailing,
Joy in the splendid steep too high for scaling;
Joy in the fleeting glimpse, the vain endeavour,
Tho' Almost meadows flower by the gates of Never.

I started Miss Hunt's "Hard Woman" (Chapman) with a little reluctance and a little prejudice. Not that her former work was responsible for this; but I scented the smartness, which I have got just a little tired of, now that "all have got the seed." The book has converted me to a sympathetic frame of mind. There is too much of it, though; the "hard woman's" bullying, and meanness, and vitality, and stupidity, might have been displayed in fewer scenes; but, as none of them are dull, there is no need to complain of the lavishness. By a perhaps quite unconscious worldly wisdom, Miss Hunt has been able to attract both the cynically smart and the sentimental. One set will read for the material, and the other for the conclusions.

I have found an excellent story, against which, all the same, I feel a grievance. It is "The Chain of Gold" (Unwin). On the title-page we are informed that Mr. O'Grady is the author of, among other books, "Lost on Du Corrig," a tale I read with interest and admiration a year or two ago, and which I thought never received all the notice it deserved. But "The Chain of Gold" is substantially "Lost on Du Corrig," rewritten, certainly, its plan altered to a certain extent, and, what is surprising, very much improved. There were *longueurs* in the first version. It is less wearisome now, the number of narrators has been reduced, and the details have been altered for the better. Still, after all, it is not, in a real sense, a new book; and some announcement to this effect should have appeared somewhere, on the title-page, or in a prefatory note. Having stated my grievance, let me hasten to repeat that the story is a delightful one. It is very individual, standing out from most books of adventure by the *naïveté*—not quite unconscious, I suppose, of the narrative—and by the very skilful way in which the actors are made, without one unnecessary word, to reveal their highly original characters. It is of that famous order of adventure stories of which "Robinson Crusoe" is the chief, where ingenuity is the master quality demanded of the heroes; and it will send many a lad forth on a dream-voyage with his wits for pilot, for chart, and for rescue. I don't believe much in the demoralising effect of the fighting kind of adventure story. Nevertheless, it is well the other sort should have a turn, and "The Chain of Gold" should be kept in mind against the gift-book time of year.

a. o.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



OUR FISHER FOLK.

(Jeems is going to some grand function.)

"It's time ye were washin' yersel', Jeems."
 "Washin' masel' ! Dod, wumman, it's no ten minutes sin' the barber shaved me !"
 "But ye canna' gang to sic a grand saramonie wi' hands like that."
 "Fut needs I wash my hands sin' I'm gaen to have gloves on ?"



THE NEW CURATE.

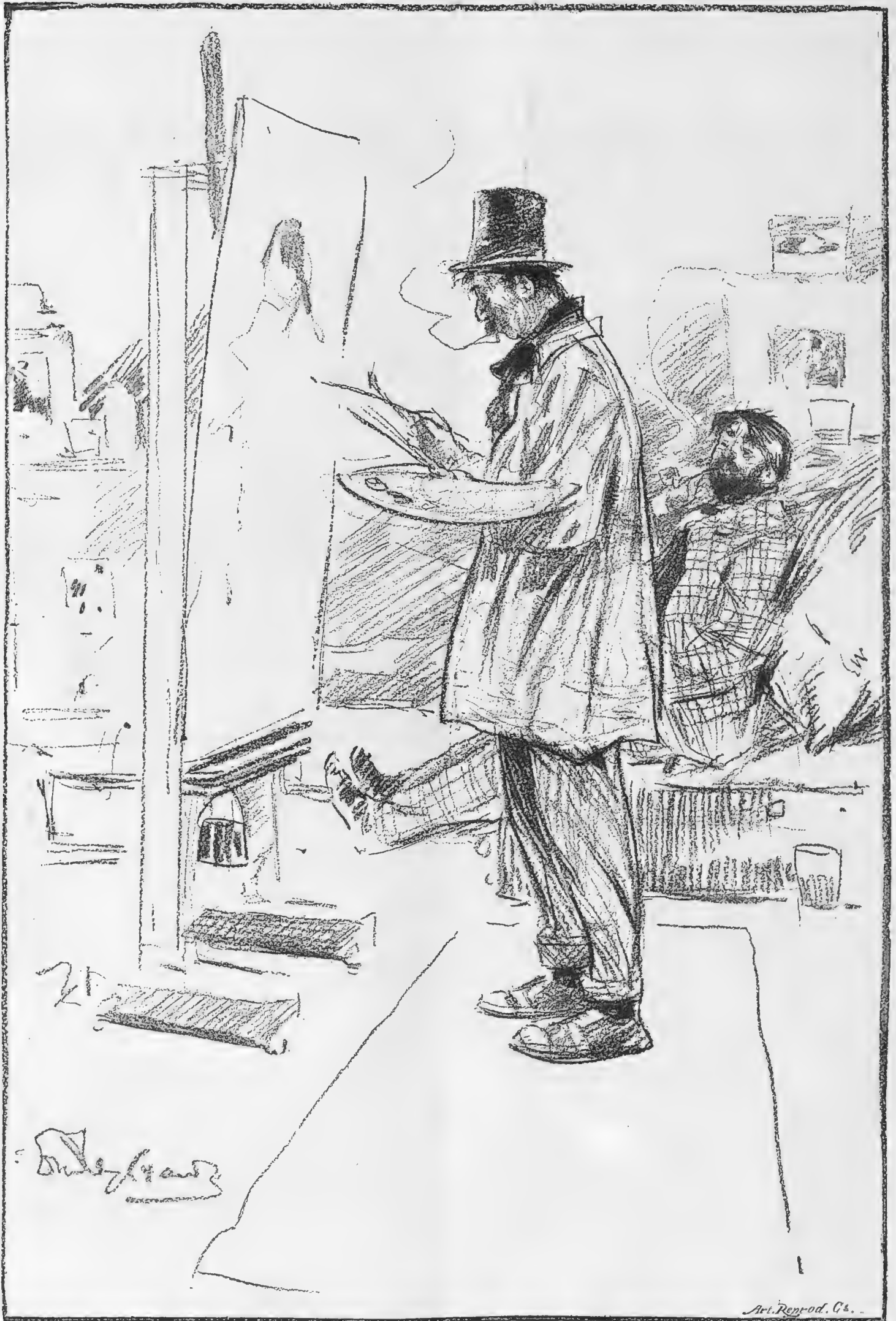
THE REV. GIDEON GOSLING : My arrival here seems to have caused some excitement.
PORTER : Yes, sir ; but, bless yer, nothing to the dancing bear that come yesterday.



WILL OWEN

SIMPLE ADDITION.

"I wonder why they are called adders, Jack?"
"Oh! I suppose it is because they cast their skins."



DAUBER No. 1 : Have you heard that Van Beers is going to paint Miss Bass ?
 DAUBER No. 2 : Humph ! Bass's Beer, eh ?

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THE "OCTOPUS" AT HOME.

Photographs by Soper and Stedman, Strand.

The other day, after some happy hours in the Reading Room of the British Museum, I was wandering down to Oxford Street, when I was interrupted by the remark of an old gentleman, "What wonderful, strange corals!"



THE "OCTOPUS" BEFORE USE.

I looked in at the window that held his eyes. "They are not corals," I observed; "even the strangest of the corals have no metal disks in the centre."

"That is true," he answered; and added, "Nor are they labelled the 'Octopus,' for the octopus, my dear young gentleman, as you are doubtless aware, is of the Cephalopoda, which has no relation to the Coelenterata, under which one classes the corals."

I drew a long breath, and remarked, "From the word 'anti-incrustator' and the presence of what are called 'the sanitary sink-baskets,' I suspect that we are dealing with some domestic sanitary apparatus?"

"Ugh," he said, "in my young days people didn't bother about such things, and look at me."

"Yes," I replied; "but think how many more like you there might still have been had they bothered about such things in your young days."

We parted, and, being full of curiosity, I entered the warehouse to satisfy a purely Platonic desire for information about the "Octopus."

Although I announced that I had no money, a charming young lady volunteered to give me information. "The 'Octopus,'" she said, is "a patent contrivance for softening water and preventing the growth of 'fur' in kettles and boilers." Then she went on to educate me generally. "Water is commonly called 'hard' or 'soft,' according to the quantity of magnesia or carbonate of lime, or both, held in it, with other mineral matter. Now, the hardness of water is distasteful to the housekeeper, since it prevents her from making really good tea and causes a waste of soap. Worse than these troubles is the fact that in kettles, boilers, and pipes, the 'fur' is formed—the curious slaty-yellow coloured substance that lines old kettles, and may be found in lumps at the bottom. Of course, this 'fur' absorbs heat, and much extra coal is required. In boilers this is a serious question, and it is necessary to open them frequently to chip off the 'fur,' and this chipping is very weakening. In fact, 'fur' sometimes leads to the bursting of boilers by reason of its depositing in the pipes, which it blocks up. Worst of all, hard water is believed to cause the growths that require the formidable



"OCTOPUS" AFTER USE.—FROM LADY ROSE, AMERSHAM.

(Reduced Photograph.)

operations of lithotomy and lithotripsy for remedy of what has been called 'one of the most painful diseases that affect humanity.' It, then, has been an important matter," continued the lady, "to do two things—to prevent 'fur' deposit and to soften water for household purposes.

Incidentally, I may observe that hard water supply is far commoner than soft. Of course, many efforts have been made to deal with the question. Sal ammoniac has been used in boilers effectively in one way, but disastrously, since it forms chloride of calcium, which attacks the iron, and being a poison is unsuitable for domestic use. Many secret and patent preparations have been tried, but with little success. So it will be seen that the 'Octopus' is meant to deal with a very serious matter. For kettles and kitchen boilers the 'Octopus' consists of a compound metallic centre, from which radiates a circular mass of specially prepared fibre. This apparatus is put into the kettle, and its use causes all the 'fur' to be deposited on the fibre."

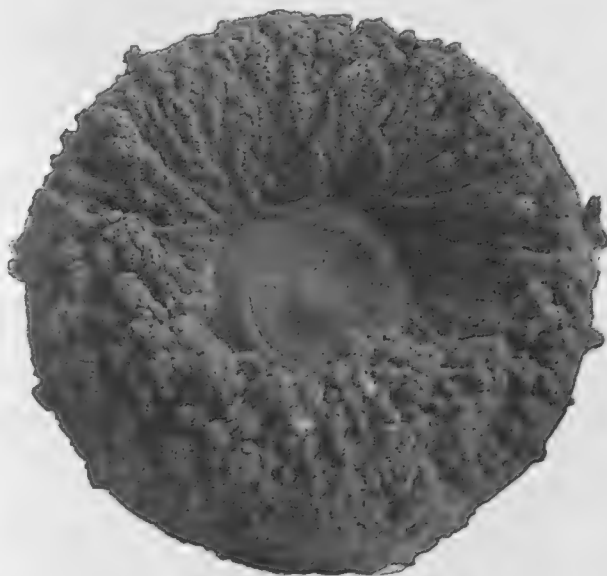
"It sounds simple. Is it efficacious?"

"Seeing is believing," said the young lady. "Look at this," and she took me to a glass case, where was a large, dark mass of irregular stony matter. "That came from Nevill's Turkish Baths, in Northumberland Avenue. When put into the boiler it weighed less than a pound; now it weighs over a stone, and the accumulation took place in less than a year. Here is their letter."

"Is that an average case?"

"It is not above the average, seeing the work done, for the amount of deposit is proportionate to amount of water boiled. Here is a curious specimen sent us by the Right Hon. Lord Sherborne; here is a strange one from a small twenty-five guinea competition among our customers as to who should show the finest 'fur.' It tied with two others for a ten-guinea prize. That's what I call an average London 'fur.' It shows the growth of a two-ounce 'Octopus' to a pound in the year. In many places the increase is larger."

During a long time she showed me specimens of these kettle-growths differing fantastically in shape, and in colour varying according to the



"OCTOPUS" AFTER USE.—FROM LADY OSBORNE, NENAGH, IRELAND.

quantity of iron and other minerals in the particular water, and with them she gave me original letters from all sorts of people—from peers to publicans—extolling the virtue of the "Octopus," and, like Oliver Twist, asking for more. Then I inquired about boilers, and was shown a heavily coated specimen, which had been in use in a large manufacturing boiler; it was almost beyond my lifting powers, though light enough when new.

"How do you account for it?" I asked.

She smiled. "I suppose it's the attractive power of the 'Octopus.'"

"Has it been imitated?"

"Yes. You see, the 'Octopus' is a patent, and it was infringed. We took proceedings, so they tried to attack the patent, but it was upheld in the Court of Queen's Bench, and, subsequently, in the Court of Appeal—the latter in May 1893—and its novelty and utility was spoken highly of by the judges."

I had enough curiosity to look up the report of the case, and found that Lord Esher said, "It seems to be an admirably useful thing, and the sooner it is better known, the better for people who have boilers and coppers and kettles, particularly in London, where the water is rather hard." I asked the inventor's name, and was told that Mr. John Langstaffe first had the idea, and Mr. Henry Daniel Peckover, now the sole owner and manufacturer, rendered it a practical apparatus. By-the-by, it acts on the "fur" in old kettles and takes that off.

"I presume that it softens the water by catching some minute particles of the carbonate of lime solution which otherwise would not be deposited? Obviously, there is more 'fur' on the 'Octopus' than you would find in the kettle in which one had not been used."

"I do not know; but it does soften the water, I am sure."

"Soft water," I answered, "is good for the complexion, and yours is excellent evidence."

Whereupon, we parted good friends, and I came away pleased by the conquest over one of the obstacles to full enjoyment of the "element," which, according to Izaak Walton, "is the chief ingredient in the creation."

MISS SARA DE GROOT.

Miss Sara de Groot, the pretty and vivacious young actress who filled Miss Calhoun's part in "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" at a twenty-four hours' notice, hails from the Emerald Isle, being a native of Dublin, though of French extraction. This mixture of nationalities may be recognised in her pretty, liquid accent, her sparkling dark eyes, and slender, graceful figure.

Before Miss de Groot came to London she played in Dublin and round the provinces in Louis Calvert's company, winning good notices in Manchester and other big towns for her rendering of the parts of Desdemona, and Emilie de L'Esparre in "The Corsican Brothers." Bella, in "School," is another rôle the young actress has also interpreted, while her recitations have been given at the Viceregal Court and the leading concerts in Dublin. These latter have a special piquancy when Miss de Groot chooses something with a whistling accompaniment, for she is an excellent *siffleuse*, and, without distorting her mouth, can reproduce faithfully the note of any bird, having trained herself to imitate the feathered songsters.

"I was educated in Neuilly-sur-Seine, and took lessons at the Paris Conservatoire," said the young actress; "and, later, I learnt from Miss Carlotta Leclercq. Miss Geneviève Ward and Mr. Hugh Moss gave me great encouragement to devote myself to acting; but though I recited and played in Dublin, I felt I had not much chance to get on there, and so one day, when Sir Augustus Harris was visiting our city, I went to see him and recited to him, and he promised me an engagement if I would come to London; and here I am. My part at present is only a very small one, but I am Miss Calhoun's understudy; and when she was ill, I took her rôle seven times, and I enjoyed it immensely. Fancy! I was in bed with a headache Sunday night when I received tidings that I was to take up the part on Monday, and had better commence studying at once. A still shorter notice was when I played the part of Nelly in 'The Colonel,' in Dublin, having had the intimation in the morning that I should have to appear that night, and in a rôle quite strange to me. I am a very quick study, however, and do not at all mind having to do such a thing in an emergency—in fact, I rather enjoy it."

"I love my profession," continued Miss de Groot enthusiastically; "in fact, I am perfectly wrapped up in it. It always excites me to think that I am going to act. My special taste is for tragedy, I fancy, though



MISS SARA DE GROOT.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

my natural disposition is the reverse of gloomy. Still, to play any part is a pleasure to me, and I am hoping in the future to do something better than what you have already seen."

There is something about Miss de Groot's personality, her eagerness and energy, and her genuine fondness for the stage, combined with her exceedingly graceful and attractive appearance, that leads one to think that she will travel far and successfully in the path on which she has started.

A VETERAN MAKER OF HAIR-BRUSHES.

I was down at Earl's Court the other afternoon (writes a *Sketch* representative) just before the Empire of India Exhibition breathed its last. While I was there I had a few minutes' chat with a very interesting old lady—Mrs. Knowles by name. She is the oldest brush-hand in the United



MRS. KNOWLES, AT THE EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION.

Photo by Robey, Pall Mall, S.W.

Kingdom, having been employed by Hinde, Limited, as a "drawer," which is the technical term, for fifty-six years. She is seventy-seven years of age, and all I can say is that she does not look it. Evidently she wears as well as the brushes she makes, for a more hale and hearty old lady it would be difficult to imagine. Surrounded by stacks of the little metal articles known in the boudoir as Hinde's Hair-Curlers and Wavers, she was busy making an ordinary hair-brush for the edification of the public at Messrs. Hinde's exhibit in the Ducal Hall when I entered into conversation with her.

"Oh, yes," she said, "at first I was very nervous about working with a crowd of people watching me, and asking me all sorts of strange questions. And I really did not want to go to Manchester," where she made her first public appearance in 1880.

"But the nervousness has worn off, I notice?"

"Oh, quite; you see I don't mind talking to you," she replied, as she picked up a tiny bundle of Siberian bristles and proceeded to fix them with the brass wire.

"How do you know when you have the right quantity?" I inquired.

"That's just what takes the time to learn. Many people who watch me think I count them, but I don't. I tell by the feel. If I were to get too many, they would not go into the hole, and if too few, they would come right though, like that," giving a practical illustration.

"Since Manchester, then, you have attended all the shows of note where Messrs. Hinde have exhibited?"

"Yes. Glasgow, Paris, Antwerp—all except Chicago. I broke my leg just before Chicago, and they didn't set it right, which was very tiresome."

So I thought, for a lady over seventy years old.

"How long does it take you to make a brush?" I asked.

"That's the very question the Prince of Wales asked me at Glasgow, and I said, 'Just half a century, your Highness.'"

"What? Fifty years over each brush?"

"Not quite so long as that. I make about one an hour. You see, I thought the Prince asked me how long I had been in the trade."

"This is my work," she went on, handing me a tiny brush with a back not so big as a sixpenny-bit.

"That's the dwarf, and here's the giant"—a hair-brush known as the largest in the world, containing some thousands of knots of bristle; a greater traveller even than its maker, for it bears the names of cities of every country in the globe.

Then she began to explain a patent hair-curler.

"I'm afraid that's hardly in my line," I remarked.

"Oh, but I sometimes sell them to gentlemen. Prince Henry of Battenberg bought a box off me at the Glasgow Exhibition."

"Yes, really? But, then, I'm unmarried," I apologised.

"Are you?" she replied, with a look of pity. "Well, I've got ten great-grandchildren."

Whereupon I paid my respects, and wandered out into the jungle.

Apropos of the closing of the Empire of India Exhibition, we learn that a diploma for a gold medal has been awarded to Messrs. Burroughes and Watts for their exhibit of billiard-tables.

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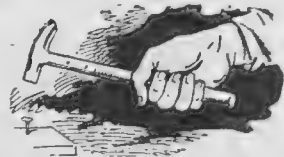


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ACCIDENT.

Mr. F. H. Lees, New Zealand, writes: "Dawson's Hotel, Reefton, September 10, 1894.—On mounting my horse a couple of weeks ago it bolted, and came down with me upon a wooden bridge, severely twisting and bruising my foot and shoulder. I obtained a bottle of Elliman's and applied it every few hours, with the result that on the second day I could get about again, and a week after rode here fifty miles."

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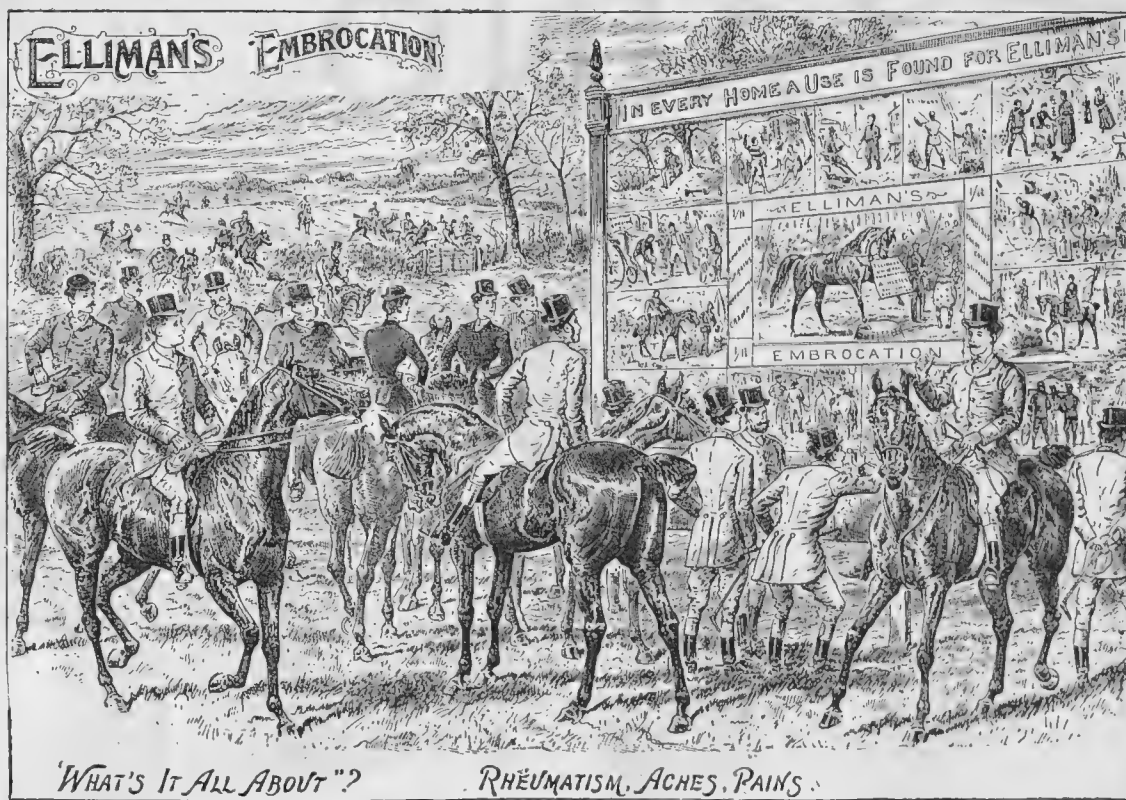
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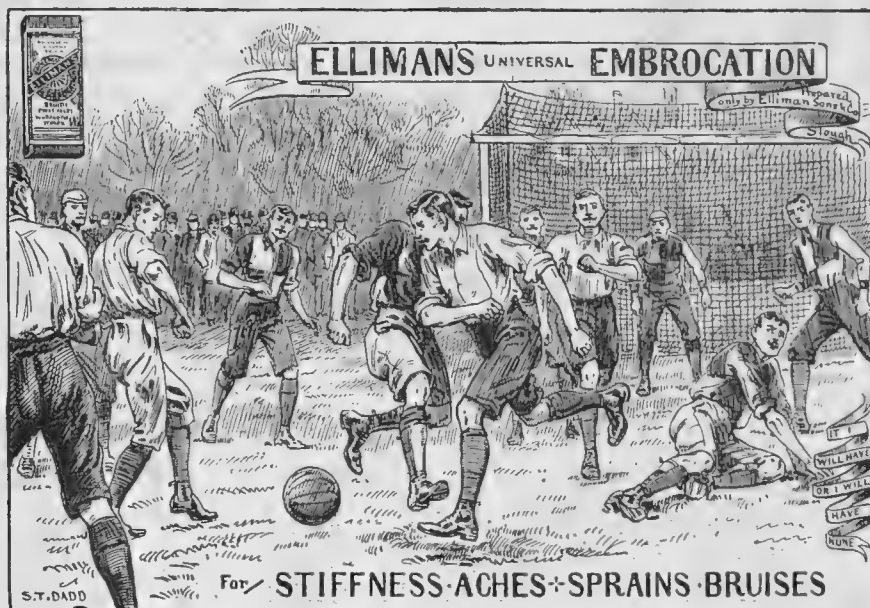


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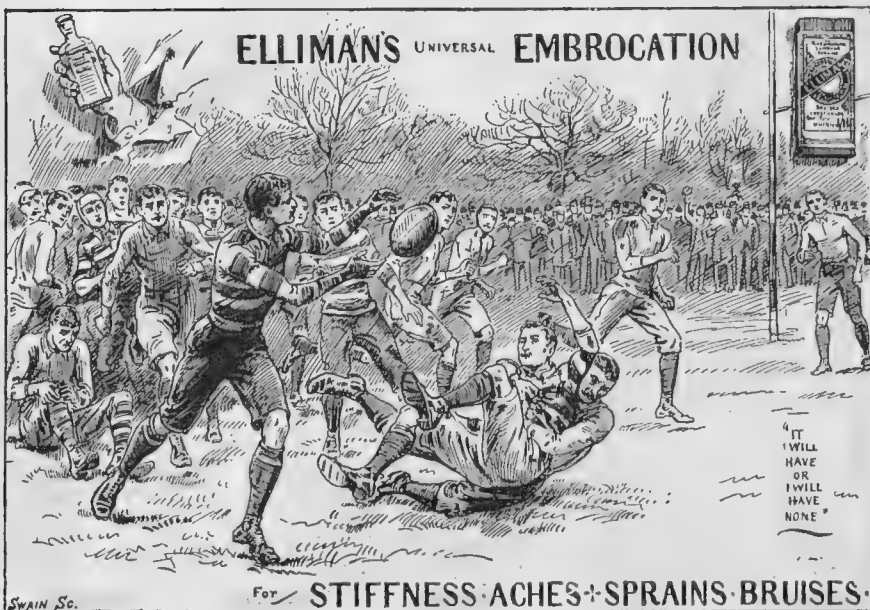


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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Young England and Young Canada enjoy a happy, informal kind of reciprocity in the matter of sports. From Canada we have learnt lacrosse, but we have yet to beat our instructors; from us the Canadians have learnt cricket and football, and though a Canadian team has yet to be found to match the picked players of the Mother Country, much advance has been made of late years. The enthusiasm for the favourite English games has spread even to the Far West, and here we have a portrait of the football team of the North-West Mounted Police, which holds the Rugby Union Cup for Manitoba and the North-West Territories. There is only one other force in the British Empire to compare with these Mounted Police of prairie Canada, and that is the Cape Mounted Rifles. Their scarlet tunic is the symbol of law and order from the Red River, on the eastern boundary of Manitoba, across the thousand miles of unbroken prairie, to the Rocky Mountains on the west, and from the United States boundary on the forty-ninth parallel in the south to Peace River and the Saskatchewan away in the far north.

with the Light Blues the reverse is the case, and, having regard to the uncertainty of 'Varsity battles in general, I should not dare to say which quality is likely to prove the more useful.

It was positively irritating at the Essex County Ground last Wednesday to see how repeatedly Cambridge, in the match with the Old Carthusians, threw chances away right in the mouth of goal simply because of the absence of "devil" in the forwards. They won't shoot. They prefer passing the ball, no matter to whom, so long as it is passed, and, as may be imagined by the experienced, it is frequently passed to the wrong man. Passing is a grand thing so long as it is not carried to excess. It is not everybody who realises this, to me, apparent fact, and that is why, I am sure, so many surprises crop up, from time to time, in the game of football. As a rule, professional players are the greatest sinners in this respect. They like to "play to the gallery," and all the while the managers of the teams stand by gnashing their teeth and saying words not in the dictionary.

For the present I am going to pin my faith to the Oxford 'Varsity

Brosler. Manners. Emery. Williams. Commissioner Herchmer. Burghard. Bell. Biddell. H. Ketchen.



Money. Saunders. C. Ketchen. Richardson. Lindsay. Harrison. Belcher. Palmer.
NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE, WINNERS OF THE MANITOBA AND NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES RUGBY UNION CUP.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. B. THOM, WINNIPEG AND REGINA.

There are but 750 of them, rank and file, and yet this handful of men have in the past, by tact and sheer force of character, preserved the Canadian prairies from the scenes of confusion and bloodshed only too frequent in the dealings of the white man with the aborigines in the United States and elsewhere. To them alone the settlers scattered over these 375,000 square miles of prairie look for protection, and few parts of the world have a cleaner record in the way of immunity from crime. To-day it is a group of warlike young Indian braves that have to be kept from horse-and-cattle-stealing; to-morrow it is a dangerous prairie fire that has to be put under; some whisky-smuggling to be tracked down and punished; a settlers' dispute to be smoothed over; or the duties of customs officers to be performed along the United States frontier. It is a roving life, with enough of excitement and danger to attract and brace up many a ne'er-do-weel from the homes of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Within the ranks may be found Oxford M.A.'s, ex-journalists, ex-professors, plucked Army and Navy candidates, and even ex-clergymen. Yet, motley gathering as the force is, its moral power throughout that lonely north-land is the pride of every Canadian.

After carefully studying the form of the University Association teams, I am forced to the conclusion that in neither case will the eleven, however constituted, come up to the form of two or three seasons ago. The fact is that the number of really good players at either "house," players who are destined to make history, can be numbered on the fingers of the hands. Oxford have plenty of dash, but only a modicum of skill;

eleven, even though I cannot adjudge them equal in ability to their great rivals under the Rugby code. In truth, it would seem as though the Cambridge fifteen this season are going to create quite a sensation. The ridiculous ease with which they smashed up, first, Guy's Hospital, then St. Thomas's, and, after that, the Old Leysians, who had never been treated so discourteously before, has astonished all the football world. Oxford, on the other hand, have started the season disappointingly, and though last Wednesday they managed to conquer the Old Merchant Taylors, the team, on present showing, is clearly not good enough for the Light Blues. Perhaps, for this reason, they will beat them on the eventful day! It was ever thus in 'Varsity "Rugger." This afternoon, by the way, the combined 'Varsities oppose London on the Richmond Athletic Ground.

The struggle for the League Championship continues apace, nor is interest in it in any way abated as yet by the qualifying round for the English Cup. I cannot remember a previous season which has been productive of such a keen fight as this year is resulting. At present there are fully half the number of competitors well in the running for the Championship, and even then I shouldn't be in the least surprised to see one of the others win it.

Aston Villa continue to lead. The club which was to revolutionise football has shown itself of the mere flesh and blood of ordinary humanity. It is true they are doing very well, but not half so well as they should have done on paper. After all, eleven men are only

eleven men. And it is just possible a team is none the worse for having one or two men on the side somewhat less brilliant than the others.

Just as we were all writing "Ichabod" over Sunderland's door, out rushed the players, and, travelling over to Blackburn, beat the Rovers by 4 goals to 2. Nobody should have been surprised at this, for, in spite of their recent remarkable falling-off, we could never forget what manner of team Sunderland was. Eleven players such as the Wearsiders cannot fail to do well in the long run, and, though I do not expect them to retain the Championship this season, I am sure they will go very near it. There is not a more skilful team in the whole League.

The Southern League has one great fault, and that is, there is no sustained interest in it. One week there will be a full complement of matches, and then a sinking into obscurity for perhaps a fortnight, when, say, there will be another game doled out. The Football League would be nothing, so far as popularity is concerned, if we did not have a big list regularly week after week. The Southern clubs, the amateur clubs, are, of course, too fully occupied with metropolitan cups; but there are only two amateur clubs in the Southern League, so surely some improvement could be brought about? The Southern League, in addition, is not thoroughly representative.

At the present time the leaders in the tournament are Millwall Athletic and Chatham, but there can be no denying that the East-End team is the strongest lot in the tournament. Ilford is the only club which has not won a single match, and not only that, but it has failed to register more than a single goal. So much for "little amateurism." Luton Town, who were supposed to be the dangerous ones, are faring badly, and their latest defeat by St. Mary's (Southampton) will do them no good.

CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

I understand that Mr. J. Parsley, who recently broke the tricycle record from London to Brighton, is a vegetarian. More than this, that Mr. Parsley's success dates from the time when he volunteered to eschew meat and revel in the common or oatmeal porridge. This at once does away with the contention that vegetarianism does not conduce to stamina.

Some time ago, the Midland Cycling and Athletic Club issued a challenge to the Notts Corinthians to play them a game of football. This has just been accepted, and I am informed that home-and-home games will probably be played. From what I hear, the Notts Corinthians should be able to turn out a pretty useful team, and the event will doubtless attract a deal of interest.

To-day and to-morrow the Freshmen's Sports of the Cambridge University Athletic Club will be held. The handicaps are 200 yards and one mile. On Monday and Tuesday next the sports (including a 120 yards strangers' handicap) of Corpus College also take place.

There is a rumour that, at the Annual General Meeting of the Bristol Bicycling and Triecycling Club next Wednesday, Mr. H. J. Parkes, who for so many years acted as secretary to the club, is to tender his resignation. This will be bad news for those who have the interests of the B.B. and T.C. at heart.

They are more up-to-date in sleepy Surrey than in large London. At the Surrey Quarter Sessions the other day, the Standing Joint Committee reported that, in their opinion, bicycles should be employed by the police. All the same, it will take us a fair time to realise the stolid Robert slowly cycling up and down the kerbway on the look-out for the proverbial small boy. And what will the cook say? By the way, I believe that the Vestry of Battersea have decided to purchase a bicycle for their Clerk of the Works. There will be lively times in store for that gentleman.

A most peculiar point has just been raised in connection with the recently held Irish 100 miles championship. The Race Committee of the Irish Cycling Association offered two lap prizes, but, although one of the competitors was "second best" with 80, the prize was withheld from him, because he had failed to complete the full distance, and was subsequently given to another man. I don't think there is a precedent for this, and, to my way of thinking, the committee was wrong, for the unfortunate competitor, after all, did what was asked of him, and certainly must have helped to keep up a pace, which is, of course, the sole reason for these prizes.

ROWING.

I understand that the "four" which arrived in New York on Oct. 18 in order to do duty for England at the Texas Regatta, is now in hard training for the great international battle. Of course, it is difficult to speak without knowledge of current American form; but this I can safely say, that the boat which can get the better of Barry, Bubeare, Wingate, and Haines must be a very good lot indeed.

BOXING.

The amateur season has been opened, the first club to take the field, in a manner of speaking, being the Battersea F.C., whose competitions, commencing on Oct. 28, were finished on Monday evening, the carrying over into two nights being enforced in consequence of the multiplicity of entries.

I cannot conscientiously say that the form displayed by the boxers at the Battersea competitions was anything great. Indeed, there were quite a number of "thin-skinned" ones among the entries, which would have been all the better for their absence. One of the best men I saw there is Mr. N. F. Smith, of the Anchor B.C., who possesses a beautiful style, and was far and away the neatest exponent of all, though Mr. Nelan, who beat Campbell, a younger brother of the amateur champion, gave a fine display of clean, hard hitting. OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is strange how business varies with bookmakers. At the majority of the meetings around London speculation is brisk, but at some of the out-fixtures it is deadly dull. For instance, speculation is brisk at the Lincoln Spring Meeting, but at the Autumn fixture it is of the most limited description. At Doncaster the seasons are reversed; at the Spring fixture there is little doing, but the September Meeting is one of the liveliest of the year for speculators. It is passing strange that so little speculation should take place at Derby, where the fields are large and the prizes are good. The stands and enclosures too are generally crowded, but people attend only to see the sport, and not with a view to breaking the ring. Some of the largest shareholders in the Derby course are bookmakers.

The new rule recently passed by the Jockey Club, that no clerk of the course should make handicaps at his own meeting, will cause a little re-shuffling of the cards, and we may see our "clerks" working for each other. Thus, Mr. W. J. Ford could mark the City and Suburban Handicap, and Mr. H. Dorling might return the compliment by framing the weights for the Lincoln Handicap. Further, Mr. R. P. Anson could oblige Mr. Mainwaring in the steeplechases and hurdle handicaps at Lingfield, and Mr. Mainwaring could return the compliment at Sandown Park. My own idea is, the more handicappers we have in reason the better; and I, for one, should be very sorry to see the whole business in the hands of two or three men only.

Many of the old-fashioned school of racegoers retired for the winter season with the end of the Houghton Meeting; but the young plungers go on to the finish of the Manchester Meeting, and after that follow the jumpers. I think the old fogies have a bit the best of the bargain, as, after the second week in October, the weather, as a rule, breaks, and it becomes hot and cold in turns, and terribly cold at times. The sudden changes are, at the present time, the cause of a deal of sickness among the all-the-year-round followers of racing, many of whom have neglected to wear their thick boots and flannels. I saw one penciller last week wearing shooting-boots with soles quite two inches thick. Sensible man!

Few Pressmen have taken a more active part in the development of what may still be styled the "New Journalism" in sporting-newspaper work than Mr. B. T. Gale, a portrait of whom is herewith given, for, although still a young man, he commenced his business career at a time

when the most aristocratic racing officials, the most respectable owners and trainers, thought it in no sense derogatory to their honour to keep people so entirely in the dark as to the movements of their thoroughbreds as to lead the public who betted at all to lose their money over horses with no chance, while they themselves gained it with animals which had. Mr. Gale, who is only about forty-three years of age, commenced life in the office of the *Leader*, at that time owned by Mr. Clark Russell, the well-known novelist, and son of the popular Henry Russell, author of "The Ship on Fire" and "The Old Arm-Chair," and of this paper he became manager, but in 1870 took the managership

of the *Licensed Victuallers' Guardian*, leaving that two years later, in company with the late Henry Downes Miles, author of "Pugilistica" and leader-writer to the *Morning Advertiser*, to start the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, a paper which, from the fulness and accuracy of its racing information and other features, became a gigantic success. Longing for further proprietorial rights, Mr. Gale, in 1888, produced the *Licensed Victuallers' Mirror*, and this meeting with deserved marks of public approval, the now well-known *Gale's Special*, a sixpenny paper, was published a year later. It is not so long ago we had to congratulate him upon his marriage; and, though not a man who revels in stormy and stressful weather, he recently regarded the advent of a little and gentle Gale with much complacency.

It is a thousand pities that all races at Newmarket do not finish opposite the Grand Stand, which, by-the-bye, was designed with a view to the complete comfort of the Jockey Club, and the utter discomfort of the paying public. This notwithstanding, shelter is available in case of rain, and the idea of having five out of six items on a day's card to finish away from the stand is an out-of-date notion.



MR. B. T. GALE.

Photo by Deneulain, Strand.

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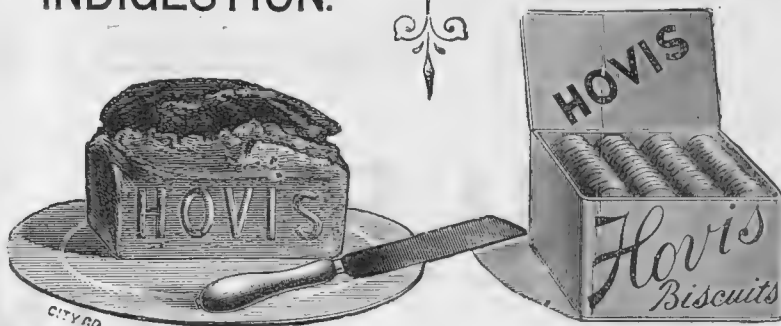
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AT THE THEATRES.

Trilby being more than ever the heroine of the hour now that she has conquered all beholders by her fresh young loveliness, I make no apology for returning to the fascinating subject this week, especially as I can



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD'S DRESS AS TRILBY IN THE CONCERT SCENE.

now disclose to you the glories of her dress for the great concert scene, and I only wish that I could give you some idea of how grandly, gloriously beautiful she looks in it.

Imagine, first of all, with the help of our sketch, a Greek robe of ivory-white crêpe de Chine, turned over at the top to a depth of five inches, in order to give double folds over the arms, and embroidered richly in gold in an elaborate design, which tapers off into fine lines on the hanging sleeves. Two bands of gold embroidery studded with jewels hold in the soft folds to the figure in the familiar Greek style, and then, below these bands, the dress is a marvel of embroidery, the golden beams of a perfect constellation of stars and sun almost covering the original fabric of the dress, and having, as a basis, a broad band of shimmering cloth-of-gold. While above them is showered a veritable rain of small diamonds. Then, as the back view of a Greek dress is not particularly graceful, there is, very wisely, added a long, flowing drapery (a train, in reality, but the word seems out of place in this connection) of ivory Roman satin, fastened on the shoulders with diamond clasps, and lined with soft, cream-coloured silk, which is a mass of magnificent gold embroidery, the picture being completed by a star tiara of diamonds and a sheaf of great white lilies and palm-leaves which Madame Svengali carries in her hand.

And now suppose that, as extremes are supposed to meet, we next turn our attention to an eminently fashionable gown—one of the latest creations, in fact, of the house of Worth—which Miss Alma Stanley, as Mrs. Pondesbury, wears in the new Avenue piece, "The Past of Mrs. Pondesbury," which came out on Saturday. It is wonderfully effective, and is one more proof of the unexampled smartness of an entirely black dress—when, of course, it is worn by the right person, and Miss Stanley certainly comes under this denomination. It is made, in the first instance, of black satin, veiled with black lisse, the skirt being arranged with an enormously deep flounce, with a ruching outlining the vandyked top, while it glitters with an elaborate embroidery of jet paillettes. Beneath there are two accordion-pleated flounces to give it the necessary outstanding effect, and the top part of the skirt is covered with a scale-like design of jet paillettes, which is wonderfully effective. A waistband of black satin ribbon, tied in a smart little bow at the back, holds in the soft fulness of the bodice, which is unadorned by any sequins, its soft, dusky blackness being an excellent foil to Miss Stanley's superb white neck

and shoulders, while the lisse sleeves, held in with straps of jet sequins, are just like great butterflies which have alighted on the arms with dusky, outspread wings. They are sleeves worthy of a reserved compartment in that portion of your memory where you store up notes on dress novelties with a view to future reference for your own adornment.

There is a cape, too, for wearing over this dress of black satin, in the first place, and with a yoke and high collar of scarlet velvet, overlaid with black lisse, which is sprigged with an appliqué design in creamy-hued lace, this same velvet and lisse forming the long stole-ends in front; while round the neck goes a great ruffle of lisse, with a cluster of full-blown yellow roses nestling in the sides. But loveliest of all is the lining, which in front consists of hundreds of shaded rose-petals, showered together with a liberal hand—a charming idea carried out to perfection.

Another dress for Miss Stanley is of silver-grey peau-de-soie, with a flight of butterflies in an appliqué of grey cloth, studded with steel paillettes, wandering all over the full, plain skirt; while there is a delightful Louis Quinze coat-bodice, all the seams outlined with steel, and opening in front over a deep black satin waistband, on which flash and gleam four of the famous Siddons buttons, of which Miss Stanley is the proud possessor; while above them comes the mellow softness of an old lace jabot and cascade revers. These are the two elaborate dresses; and then there is a tailor-made gown of coarse white alpaca, the skirt plain, and the smart little coat-bodice, with its short, full basques, having a turned-down collar and revers of white satin, and being fastened across a soft white silk skirt with sundry little stitched tabs decorated with tiny steel buttons. The hat which completes the costume is of white felt, the brim edged with a little ruching of black velvet and turned up sharply at the back with a great mass of roses—red, white, yellow, and pink—while, for further trimming, it has a loose drapery of yellow lace and a great bow of the new brick-red velvet, between which peeps out the saucy head of a red-and-black parrot, whose outspread wings conceal the crown from view.

Not for Mrs. Pondesbury, but for Miss Alma Stanley in her private capacity, I saw an exquisite little cape, that was like a bunch of flowers arranged with consummate art. It was of glacé silk, arranged in many pinked-out frills and ruchings of varying depth, in which green, orange, pink, mauve, yellow, blue, violet, and a score of other shades all took part in turn, culminating at last in a ruched collar, in which the colours grew more distinctly bright, while a cluster of violets nestled at the throat. I never before saw such an exquisite blending of colours, and, before their number and variety, Joseph's famous many-hued coat must sink into insignificance; but I must leave some



MISS ALMA STANLEY AS MRS. PONDESBURY.

words with which to chronicle the charms of an equally lovely gown of eau-de-Nil satin, the front panel of the skirt simply ablaze with diamonds, which clustered most thickly at the waist, and near the hem grew scarcer, to give full effect to two outspread diamond wings, which recalled Mrs. Patrick Campbell's now famous "Juliet" dress for the ball-room scene. Down each side of this glittering panel a great trail of roses kept guard, their petals formed of many folds of shaded pink chiffon, and the



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE IN "LA PRINCESSE DE BAGDAD."

stalks and leaves embroidered in green silk, the same idea being carried out exactly in the bodice, which, moreover, had lovely sleeves, fashioned of many loops of satin, interspersed with cascades of beautiful old lace.

This was another Worth dress, as you will have guessed already; and now it is time that we turned to our last dress, which illustrates still another style of costume, originated, in this case, by Russell and Allen for Miss Olga Nethersole's wear in America in "La Princesse de Bagdad." It was made in richly beautiful violet velvet, the loose fronts fastened down the left side with great diamond buttons, in each of which shone out a perfect turquoise, while the back was arranged in Watteau fashion. The long stole-like pieces, which fell far below the knees in front and just crossed the shoulders at the back, were of mauve velvet, thickly studded and embroidered with amethysts, turquoises, and silver, and finished with a deep fringe of the same jewels, the left stole being knotted at the waist, but the other falling straight and loose. While both had for lining rich cream satin overlaid with deep fiddle-coloured guipure. The collar, which was very quaintly and becomingly shaped, was finished in front with a large tie-bow of antique lace, and the full sleeves terminated in pretty petal-shaped cuffs, which came well over the hands. Altogether, it would suit Miss Nethersole to perfection, and it seems to me to be an ideal design for an evening-cloak for more ordinary folks, though, on the other hand, you are free to choose, apart from it, the classical draperies of Trilby's attire or the modern smartness of Miss Stanley's Mrs. Pondesbury gown. Between them all, you can surely find something to suit you, at least I hope so, for these costumes constitute our share of fashion for this week, the remainder of my time having been taken up in the more prosaic but equally necessary pursuit—and, I am glad to say, final capture—of the ideal winter under-garment, which must be perfectly warm without being weighty.

The name of this desirable acquisition is "Australama," a downy soft fabric, which cannot irritate the most sensitive skin, and which is calculated to set at defiance the fiercest onslaughts of King Frost, and, consequently, to save you from the misery of colds and coughs and their inevitable consequence—a lengthy doctor's bill, a document which has an unfortunate knack of making its unwelcome appearance just when the hundred-and-one claims occasioned by that somewhat fraudulent person, Father Christmas, have drained your purse. All sorts of garments are made of this delightful fabric, for men, women, and children, so you need not confine its benefits to yourself alone, but let it be a family blessing. As to full particulars, prices, &c., I must

refer you to the illustrated catalogue which the sole manufacturer, W. Greensmith Downes, of 143, George Street, Edinburgh, will send to you free on application—a book which I have been studying carefully all the week, and so can thoroughly recommend to you as most interesting reading on a bitterly cold day, when you are trying to find a new way of keeping warm. In fact, this week has had two red-letter days in it, from my point of view, one reserved for the discovery of "Australama," and the second the practical proof of the existence of a real boon to housewives generally and pastry-lovers in particular—otherwise "Decece" flour, a sort of automatic pastry, muffin, and bread maker, if I may so call it, which relieves your mind of any anxiety as to the subsequent result of your handiwork, for, owing to its special qualities, it is incapable of making heavy pastry. I, therefore, foresee the day when the comic papers will lose their staple joke, and be unable to cast aspersions on the character of the young housewife's first pie or cake. If only to hasten this desirable end, you should this very day expend a shilling at your grocer's upon a packet of the "Decece" flour, and, while helping forward a truly good cause, you yourself will reap the benefit every day of your life.

FLORENCE.

TO MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER.

You, whose swift fingers, through so many years,
Have made us sad or merry at your will,
Whose graceful fancy brightens and endears
Whatever pictured page your art may fill;

With wise, unvenomed wit making us see,
As by some wizard's glass revealing truth,
How beautiful or base our life may be,
What grace in age, what gentleness in youth.

No need that you, whose pencil cannot stale,
Having such power to charm us with its spell,
Should let your pen surpass even that, nor fail,
To hold us fettered by your words as well!

Yet poor imprisoned Peter, lost in dreams,
Lives in our hearts, no transitory guest;
And Trilby, with her pain and passion, seems,
Of all we owe you, dearer than the rest.

In idle phantasy, we dimly see
Some shore Elysian where your lovers meet;
Secure and sheltered, by a tideless sea,
They clasp and kiss, inseparate and complete.

Dream-children are they, shadows of a shade,
We, too, are dreams, in Life's uneasy sleep;
With them the promise, while we fail and fade,
Of immortality, secure and deep.

C. E. C.

A BASEBALL COMPETITION.

Mr. R. G. Knowles has much to answer for, including some of the popularity of baseball. He got up a team to meet some members of Buffalo Bill's troupe, and did his level best to beat them. Now



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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 11.

THE TIME TO BUY.

The "bulls" have had a hot time of it since we last wrote, and the "bears" have enjoyed a long and successful innings. So satisfactory, indeed, has been the result for those who "sold short" that the public has been inclined to declare it would never buy anything again. Fortunately, the public is incapable of carrying out this stern resolve, and will duly succumb presently to the temptation of speculative purchases; but, as usual, it will stand aside too long, and come forward only when the recovery in prices has made so much progress that there is no longer the profit there might have been. The principle of the public is to buy at the top and sell at the bottom, with the natural result that their money goes into the pockets of the professional operators, who reverse that process.

To glance over the causes that have contributed to the flatness during the week is to see how fugitive their influence is likely to be. It has been a case of individual embarrassment for the most part, and consequent clearing-up of wreckage. One large London firm doing an extensive arbitrage business with Paris found itself so heavily weighted with shares at a loss that it was a question of either receiving assistance from friends or of getting into a regular mess, with differences amounting to some £120,000. But a syndicate was promptly formed in the market, and the commitment was taken over at ten shillings in the pound. The syndicate, having taken the stock to save the situation, is not likely to spoil the market by pressing the shares unduly for sale; so that affair, which might have been serious, need not worry anybody any more. Beyond this, the failures have been of very little importance. One small broker has gone down, and one professional speculator, who has lived for some time rather on reputation than on recent achievement, for he was the leader of the once famous "Pork-chop division."

In all this there was nothing very alarming, but the mere fact of failures was enough to make people nervous, and talk of trouble at the Paris Settlement seemed at one time confirmed by the complete financial muddle into which Constantinople has got. But the Unspeakable Turk is a law unto himself, and to take him as a criterion was decidedly unfair to Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. So nervous, however, had markets become that fright was actually taken finally at the talk of a Secret Treaty between Russia and China and by an irresponsible article in the *St. Petersburg Official Messenger* carping at England in the usual way. All that sort of thing is quite evanescent in its effect on markets, and the wise speculator has been a buyer, under cover of the temporary unsettlement.

So much for our view of the situation in Mines, the proviso being, of course, understood that discrimination should be exercised by a buyer, for the day of "rubbish stocks" is over for the present. But it is not only in the Kaffir or West Australian sections that the time appears to have come for a renewal of speculation. For a long time past the Kaffir market has led the whole Stock Exchange, and the breakdown of the leader has told very severely on departments quite unconnected with South Africa.

Apart from the merely sympathetic fall that has taken place all round, from Home Rails to Trunks, from Argentines to Allsopps, there has also been a practical reason for the general decline in Company with Mining shares. Speculators have been so deeply committed in Mines, and were so confident of a recovery, that they have been selling out of their Miscellaneous holdings in order to provide funds for the financing of their Mining risks. Not only so, but the members who have defaulted had on their books a considerable amount of general stocks which had accordingly to be thrown out. The moment the Kaffir market turns, therefore, quite a different feeling will pervade the House, and prices will be lifted as readily as they were before depressed. The "Heavy" Home Railways, for instance, have been forced down by the most trumpery little sales. When these stop, which means when public confidence is restored, the dealers will mark up the price of Midlands, "Brums," Great Westerns, and North-Easterns, at the slightest excuse.

Until now there has been some hesitation on the part of the public in buying such stocks, because the domination of the Kaffir market over the fluctuations in price was not liked; but we are strongly inclined to think that the collapse in Mining prices has broken the spell that made the whole Stock Exchange subservient to the "Kaffir Circus." In future, much of the old independence will be shown by the various departments.

Yet another market that is worth careful watching, in view of a change for the better in Mines, is the South American section—Argentines, Uruguays, Brazilians, and Peruvian Corporation issues. All these are looked after by powerful groups, who will snatch at any opportunity for rushing prices upwards after the serious decline that has taken place all round. Had it not been for the flatness of the Continental markets, through the agency of Kaffirs, all these would have been higher at present. The Buenos Ayres gold premium has, apart from spasmodic fluctuations, been falling; the Uruguay remittances have been coming forward in a way that surprises even the best friends of the country; Brazilian trade has been improving; and Peru debentures have been hanging at what was an inadequate level, in view of the financial prospects of the Corporation. Mexican Sixes, also, ought to resume their advance the moment that Berlin becomes reassured once more in regard to the Mining interests in which it is involved. In fact, looking all round, we see openings for "bulls" and very few for "bears." It is time for an upward swing of the speculative pendulum.

THE ROBINSON GROUP.

At a time when South African values are, speaking figuratively, under a cloud, and some nervous people may be getting anxious about the merits of their holdings, it becomes very desirable to have accurate information concerning the various groups of mines which together form the great gold industry of the Transvaal. Prominent among these is that known as the Robinson group, which takes its name from one of the best-known and most successful of South African magnates, Mr. J. B. Robinson.

This gentleman went out to the Rand in the early days, and purchased an important tract of land, some ten miles long, which has since proved to be of immense value, in consequence of the gold-bearing



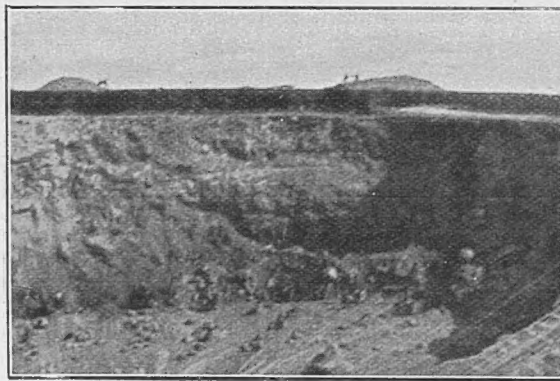
MR. J. B. ROBINSON.



MR. J. W. LANGERMAN.

reefs it contains. By this purchase, Mr. Robinson proved his capacity as a mining pioneer, and by his subsequent management of his property, and the way in which he has floated the various companies formed to develop it, he has demonstrated his ability as a man of business and a financier. Conspicuous in this group for the excellent results which it has obtained for its shareholders, is the Langlaagte Estate and Gold-mining Company, without exception one of the best-developed and best-worked mines on the Rand. The Company is now distributing dividends at the rate of fifty per cent. per annum, and, during the period it has been in active working—that is to say, from 1889—it has returned to its shareholders cash dividends totalling not far short of two hundred per cent. In addition to this, over half a million sterling has been expended *out of profits* on buildings, permanent works, machinery, and plant.

We will pass by at present what may be called the other members of the Robinson-Langlaagte family, such as Langlaagt Block B, only noting that the Langlaagte Exploration Company has been formed to develop part of the non-mineralised portion of the property north of the outcrop of the reef, and it is in this neighbourhood that Mr. Robinson hopes to establish a township. Coming to the Randfontein Company, a very



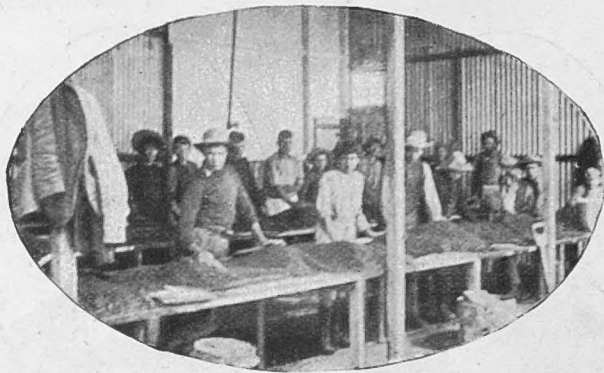
THE ROBINSON DIAMOND-MINE.

important member of the group, we arrive at one of the most notable results of Mr. Robinson's enterprise. The capital of the company is two millions sterling, which, even after the recent fall in prices, is worth at the present market estimate upwards of six millions. It embraces 40,000 acres, much of it being highly mineralised.

The Randfontein Company has been described by a well-known South African journal as an "infant Hercules," and a very vigorous infant it is, affording promise of a maturity of enormous strength. It is more an estates company, whose object is to develop its huge property by the flotation of subsidiary undertakings, than a mining enterprise pure and simple. But there is this peculiarity about Randfontein finance, and it is one that speaks well for a belief in the future of its subsidiary undertakings. The company takes care to reserve a controlling interest in these flotations, and it is in the dividends on

these that its shareholders will find their principal source of income. Among the companies already floated are the Porges Randfontein (an especial favourite of ours), with a capital of £500,000, of which the parent company holds £350,000; North Randfontein, capital £250,000; Robinson's Randfontein, capital £600,000, parent company's holding, £375,000; Block "A" Randfontein, capital £600,000, parent company's holding, £400,000; and the Randfontein Mynpacht, capital £750,000, of which the parent concern holds half a million. These companies have all a sufficiently ample provision for working capital, and many of the shares were subscribed for at a premium. The most advanced in development is the Porges Randfontein, which will by the end of the year become a dividend-payer.

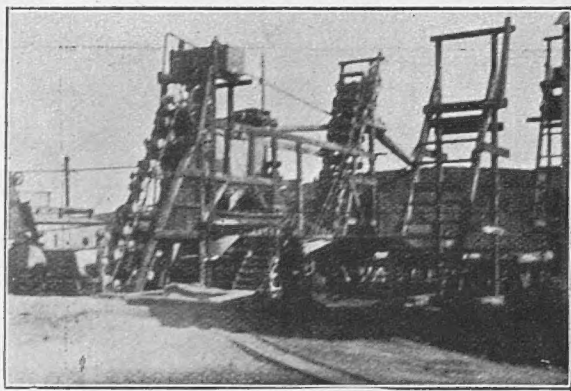
Even this record is far from exhausting the possibilities of the estate, for in a recent circular it is stated that it was intended, within a very



SORTING.

short period, to form about fifteen more companies on the property, which will belong exclusively to the Randfontein estates, making no less than twenty companies in all. Supposing these turn out to be even moderately successful, as they should be—at least, if the Porges Randfontein be any criterion—a very large revenue indeed will be assured to the parent company, and the value of the shares will be considerably above what they can be acquired at to-day.

No sketch of Mr. Robinson's multifarious activity would be complete without a reference to Mr. J. W. Langerman, his general manager, or to the Robinson Bank, which was formed expressly to look after the enormous financial interests of the group, and whose shares stand at a high figure. Moreover, as if gold were not enough to occupy his attention, Mr. Robinson has lately turned his active brain to diamonds, and formed, a short time ago, a company called the "Robinson Diamond Mine," for the purpose of working a diamondiferous property in the neighbourhood of the Vaal River. The company was well subscribed for, and the shares rose to a considerable premium, being actively dealt in, but have since receded somewhat in sympathy with the more depressed tone in the market. The best testimony to the possibilities of this property comes from an independent source. Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild lately visited South Africa, and published on his return an account of his travels, designed for private circulation only. Therein he refers to the great De Beers Mine as having long enjoyed a practical monopoly of the diamond industry—that is, of the great bulk of it, for the stones produced on the Jagersfontein Estate are of a peculiarly fine quality, and



HOISTING MACHINERY.

do not directly compete. But he adds that a cloud has arisen on the De Beers horizon, that cloud being the Robinson Diamond Mine, about which the opinion is confidently expressed that it will become a very important producer.

We have a strong "tip" that there will be a rise in Crown Reefs, which, from the information at our disposal, is pretty sure to come off directly the slump is over. Next week we hope to give some interesting information as to Hannan's Proprietary, the Colonial Finance Corporation, and its allies, which, for want of space, we are obliged to hold over on this occasion.

It is a curious fact that, although Home Rails have been somewhat affected by the slump in Kaffirs, the quotations of sound Industrials do not seem to have been disturbed. The public is quite ready to absorb

shares in really sound properties that are put on the market. We hear of several good things shortly to be launched, although some are being held back until Mining shares recover. We really see no necessity for this timidity. A very promising little property is to be put forward next week, called "The Octopus, Limited," with a capital of £60,000 in £1 shares. We believe this is likely to prove a good thing, and we know it to be honest in its inception. We will, however, wait to see the prospectus and figures before commenting more fully upon it.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. G. M. (Albemarle Street).—We cannot read your signature, but hope we have guessed correctly. If you know as little as your letter leads us to believe, we advise you to have nothing to do with Matebeleland shares, and your solicitor is quite right. If you can afford to gamble, you had better distribute your risks and buy (1) one hundred Bonanzas at about £2 each; (2) one hundred Rhodesia, Limited; (3) one hundred Mashonaland Agency; (4) one hundred Johannesburg Waterworks, and either (5) one hundred Barnato Consolidated, or one hundred Burbank's Birthday Gift, and one hundred Wealth of Nations, Limited. We should prefer the latter mines, which are Western Australians, and would give you quite a change of country to rely upon.

D. B. A.—We have brought your case before the promoters, who promise that they will take the first opportunity of placing your debentures. Last week they had several inquiries from purchasers.

NOVICE.—As a general proposition, always sell a mine which shows you a good profit. (1) We fully expect it will prove a rich concern, but if, on the crushing, of which we shall hear the result at the end of this month, the shares rise a good bit, you might sell, in the hope of getting in again cheaper. (2) Yes. (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8) We don't like any of these, which are pure gambles. If you will try "rubbish," buy a few Bushman Gold. (9) When they make a good haul. This mine is very patchy, but very rich when they get the right stuff, so that you cannot speculate on dividends at regular times. Hold on, and, next time they get a patch, sell out. (10) The Financial News or Financial Times.

K. P. W.—The only way you can avoid the risk of fraud is by coming to London and transferring the Consols yourself; but, if you cannot trust your brokers, you had far better give up dealing with them. If you bank with people who are good for a few hundred thousands, what does it matter if they fraudulently apply for a power of attorney? They would be liable to make good your loss. Why not bank with the Bank of England itself? We shall be happy to introduce you if you like to come up and will give us a few days' notice.

AJAX.—If the shares are registered in your late father's name as executor or administrator, you are only liable to the extent of the assets belonging to his estate in your hands; but, if they are registered in your name, you are liable to the extent of your own means as well. We see no way of escape. Don't worry yourself about the date of payment, as they will not insist on 10 per cent. If you have never given notice to the company of your father's will, and requested them to alter their register, we should advise you to write and say that he is dead, and the estate distributed; but consult a solicitor, and tell him everything.

W. B. G., Anson, and A. P. S.—We have answered your inquiries by private letter, and hope you have got our replies.

V. B. (Cressington).—Your signature is nearly impossible to read; we hope we have got the right initials. We do not advise West Australian Gold Concessions, which are lower than you say. The property is somewhere near Bayley's Reward. The capital is £32,500, £15,000 10 per cent. preference shares, and £17,500 ordinary ditto. If the shares were our own, we should pass them on to some other fellow at current quotation.

JUVENIS.—All your mines may be considered investments, but you should take a reasonable profit on any of them, say, 50 per cent. on the cheap ones and 25 per cent. on the heavier stocks.

SCORUS.—We publish Correspondence Rules in our first issue each month. See answer to "D. B. A.," which applies to your case.

J. S. B.—The Statist is a sixpenny paper. Walk down to your railway station and buy one. We know of no penny weekly paper which can be relied on. For West Australians you might try the Australian Mail, 37, Walbrook, E.C.

M. R. F.—Your stocks are all good, and, except that no one can answer for the depreciation which may take place in a mining slump, we should say you may hold with safety. Yes, Villa Maria second debentures are about £24 for each £100. You could not secure a better lock-up. The morning papers of Nov. 1 contain a notice about arrangements with the Argentine Government, of which we had private information last week.

A. G.—We think well of the first two stocks you mention, and advise you to buy more on any further drop. We have no special information as to the third company, and think you would do well to get out and buy Bonanzas, Burbanks, or Hannan's Proprietary with the money.

DEVON.—We are sorry you are a victim over the Haberton Slate Quarries debentures. See the report of the trial of Schmidt's case against this concern in the Financial News of Nov. 2. It may help you to get out. Don't pay a penny more.

OMEGA.—(1) Yes. (2) We really do not know.

SAFETY.—There is a nice mess over this Liberty Company, which cannot get its property. Write to the solicitors and inquire how the matter stands, and let us know what they say. We return your prospectus.